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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

JANUARY, 1935

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Facts and Fancies

IN his latest book, *Experiment in Autobiography*, H. G. Wells, whose novels entertained the generation before the Great War, confesses that he prefers facts to fancies. He contrasts himself, in this respect, with George Bernard Shaw, who was, in the same far-off era, a popular dramatist.

> To him [i. e. Shaw], I guess, I have always appeared formidably facty and close-set; to me his judgments, arrived at by feeling and expression, have always had a flimsiness. I want to get hold of Fact, strip off her essentials and, if she behaves badly, put her in stays and irons; but Shaw dances around her and weaves a wilful veil of confident assertion about her as her true presentment. He thinks one can "put things over" on Fact, and I do not. . . . I have no delusions about the natural goodness and wisdom of human beings and at bottom I am grimly and desperately educational. But Shaw's idea of education is to let dear old Nature rip. He has got no further in that respect than Rousseau. Then I know, fundamentally, the heartless impartiality of natural causation, but Shaw makes Evolution something brighter and softer by endowing it with an ultimately benevolent Life-Force.

We have no desire to take sides in any argument as to the superior merits of Shaw or Wells. It is equally difficult to imagine Shaw as a benevolent old gentleman or Wells as a disinterested spectator of truth. Both of them, in their different ways, are intellectual mountebanks, whose chief asset is unbounded satisfaction with their own performance. The passage quoted is interesting because it suggests the two ways in which men habitually react to the pressure of facts upon their consciousness. Wells reacts, or rather poses, as the brutal realist, who describes things as they are, especially hard and disagreeable things which shock our sensibilities. He does not disguise his contempt for poseurs of the other species, the sentimentalists, whose vision of facts is clouded by their own fancies, and who cultivate the delusion that dreams can come true.

Brutal Realism

The brutal realist does not understand that he also is a victim of fantasy. He fancies that the material world comprises the whole of the Real. He fancies

that he is describing a fact when he is only sketching the appearance of its surface. This crude materialism, which colours so much modern literature, is rooted in a misconception of the experimental method which is a legitimate instrument of thought in physical science. Scientific calculations depend upon the exact measurement of concrete, objective phenomena, upon accurate definition of the conditions in which similar sequences of events recur. The appropriate object of scientific experiment is the inorganic world, where causation appears to be rigidly determined and calculable. It is not the function of the scientist as such, to enquire into the metaphysical nature of this determinism, or to take account of the possibility that there is a spiritual impulsive force and purpose underlying the superficial mechanism of matter. He can predict eclipses and design engines by applying without question the principles of mechanics, as these have been shaped by centuries of mathematical theory and physical experiment. The study of the atom suggests that the mechanistic hypothesis does not work in the field of the infinitesimal; but that does not affect its usefulness in its own domain. It is obviously a device of the human mind for acting upon gross matter, a scientific fiction, symbolizing a very fragmentary view of Nature, but serviceable in so far as it enables man to forecast and control the action of the brute forces that encompass him.

Scientific fictions become dangerous when they are seriously accepted as philosophical propositions and are adopted as explanations of things to which they do not apply. When scientific mechanism is extended beyond its appropriate sphere, it dislocates the mind. The vogue of brutal realism may be largely attributed to the dissemination of the notion that only physical facts are real, and that when these have been weighed and measured they have been fully described. This is equivalent to the denial of consciousness, that is, of the one fact in the Universe, the reality of which is beyond dispute.

An author who believes that his pencil is more real than his soul, stores in his mind a very lop-sided image of the world. Thus when Wells remarks that he knows "the heartless impartiality of natural causation", he deceives himself and others. All he knows is that on the plane of physical sensation certain processes can be defined in terms of rigorous mechanical causation. But there are plenty of facts within common human experience which cannot be interpreted in this way. The epic of organic evolution and, in particular, the dramas of human life, point to a deeper mode of causation which is neither heartless nor purposeless. In brief, brutal realism is not realism at all. It is the expression of an excessive attention to the external aspect of Nature, with a corresponding indifference to all that is implied by the self-evident existence of consciousness.

Magnesium and Social-Mindedness

In justice it should be said that many scientists, like Eddington and Jeans, are acutely aware of the limited zone of truth to which their methods give access. It would seem that popular authors, like Wells, have done more to fortify materialism in public opinion than all the men of science combined. However, from time to time one reads extraordinary statements by men of

science, notably by members of the medical profession. There is Professor E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins, for instance, who is apparently convinced that the human race can be morally reformed by a proper diet. A little while ago he reported that manganese stimulates mother-love. He now declares that "you can't have a sweet disposition without magnesium". It is worth while to quote the ironical conclusion of an editorial on this "discovery" in the *New York Times* (October 30, 1934), for it shows that the worst enemy of materialism is common-sense.

> As all the psychologists know, there is no connection between mother-love and human kindness. Mother-love is a selfish, dominating and destructive force which must be severely frowned upon. It would be terrible if the female parent of a young child mixed up the magnesium and manganese bottles in the medicine chest, and stimulated her mother-love instead of her benevolence and social-mindedness.

Some Ideas Concerning Angels

The brutal realist—whether he be a man of science or a man of letters—resorts to the most bizarre hypotheses to explain away the evidence of spiritual powers. He seeks the origin of ideal qualities, like honour and chastity, in the *taboos* of savages. He classifies religion as a manifestation of inherited animal instincts which have not yet been suppressed by human reason. He diagnoses St. Paul's experience on the road to Damascus as an epileptic seizure. He describes the healing science of the Master Christ as a primitive form of psychiatry, assuming that the Master used the methods of a modern psychopathic ward.

A curious example of this materialistic self-satisfaction appeared on the editorial page of the *New York Herald Tribune*, November 1, 1934. In semi-serious vein, the writer considers the source of the immemorial tradition that when celestial beings appear to man, they come clothed in garments of light. His little essay was, doubtless, intended as a bit of fine writing, and nothing more; but it suggests how remote and unreal the angels seem to modern man and how limited is his conception of light.

> The Dark Ages were literally so in the homes of man, and later ages, too. It is hard for us who live in cities long ago made incandescent by Edison to understand how beautiful light must have been to those who first imagined and portrayed the heavenly beings as creatures of unearthly splendour. In the comfortless, doleful Northern winter, through unnumbered centuries, abundant light seemed a worshipful thing. . . . The pagan and the Christian supernatural host came robed in glory, with swords of lightning. For light then was rare and costly. Perhaps if electric lamps had been invented before angels were imagined, the conception of their supreme beauty would have been quite different. In nights that can be made brighter than noon by lifting a finger, mediæval angels would not be conspicuous in any external way. St. Michael's famous blade would fall to an airport beam.

One might enquire, in the same semi-serious vein, why the Egyptians identified their greatest divinities with the Sun, and why the brightest angels were "imagined" in Italy, when neither Egypt nor Italy was afflicted with doleful Northern winters. Why must we assume that the Host of Heaven have no existence out-

side the human imagination; that their aureoles of dazzling light signify nothing more real than the need of man to formulate a mental image which quiets his fear of cold and darkness? Theosophy affirms that the part of Nature which we contact through the physical senses is but an infinitesimal fraction of the Whole; that there are forms, modes of being, dimensions of substance, states of consciousness, so far beyond our ken that we cannot dimly represent what they may be like. However, this does not imply that there can be no intercourse between man and the "Hierarchies" of invisible Nature. To deny such intercourse, one would be forced to reject the testimony of all races and of all ages. Inevitably men have seen the apparitions of "Gods" and "Angels" through the prism of imagination, translating—as it were—their ineffable aspects into conceivable images. Thus men have adorned Divine Messengers with emblems of physical light. But why should not these emblems be symbolical of the truth? If the Heavenly Host be associated in tradition with the idea of light, may it not be because their essence corresponds to the light which we know on earth? Terrestrial light itself is a Divine Messenger, for it is the supporter of organic life and the matrix in which the first forms of physical sensation are born.

Even on earth there are ranges of radiation which are as darkness to our sight, which no Edison has made visible. We cannot perceive the ultra-violet colours which are within the vision of many insects. According to Theosophy, those ranges of invisible light have an infinite extension, and the noumenon of light is life. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." Thus the Kabalah taught that the words of Genesis, "Let there be Light", refer to the formation and evolution of the Sephiroth, the Creative Logoi, the Divine Architects of the Universe.

The Substitution of Emotion for Thought

In some respects, brutal realism is less exasperating than sentimentality. It is also easier to combat, for it is more tangible, less "subjective", and its absurdities and bigotry are often painfully manifest. Moreover, although the tough-minded materialist may be purblind in the presence of spiritual truth, he is capable of describing accurately and honestly the "matter" which he can see. If he be a man of science, he cannot be dishonest or fanciful in his laboratory reports, and remain in his caste. Modern science has a rugged code of truthfulness which is enforced without compromise.

The sentimentalist, however, does not look squarely at facts of any order. Both spirit and matter are beyond his horizon, and he becomes aware of them only as mirages or reflections in the atmosphere of the dream-world where his personal consciousness is concentrated. Because he habitually substitutes emotion for intellection, his logical faculty does not have a normal development. His reasoning processes start from false observations, and one cannot be sure of the conclusions in which they will terminate, for they do not necessarily obey the laws of the syllogism. Between the spiritual or physical reality which confronts the sentimentalist, and his mind, is suspended a veil of psychic stuff, a web of fancies, which is what he actually contemplates when he pretends to look at facts.

Doubtless, all human personalities enwrap their consciousness in glamour of one kind or another. The most brutal realist has private illusions which he cherishes. The sentimentalist is only distinguished from other men by his greater reluctance to admit that he has illusions. When the nature of things forcibly contradicts his mental picture of them, he does not alter the picture but denounces Nature.

Ecclesiastical Sentimentality

If the sentimentalists would only keep their dreams to themselves, one could afford to let them slumber in peace, until life and Karma finally aroused them. However, few of them have the gift of silence. Some are in a position to do incalculable harm, for they hold governmental posts in many lands. Many are Utopians, potentially if not actually, with an avowed or secret desire to reform both man and Nature. In general, the clergy seem to be especially subject to waves of sentimentality, perhaps because they are forced by circumstances to talk almost continuously about spiritual things which very few have directly experienced. In any event, the mind of the average clergyman is full of what Spinoza calls "inadequate ideas". Again and again he confuses spiritual principles with their psychic counterfeits, seeing good where there is evil and evil where there is good. Although he professes his faith in the primacy of the spirit, he is capable of posing without dignity as a materialist, of arguing that human vice and misery are products of adverse material conditions and would disappear if the conditions were changed.

The recent meeting of the Protestant Episcopal House of Bishops at Atlantic City provides melancholy evidence of this ecclesiastical sentimentality. With certain notable exceptions, the Bishops showed a deplorable misconception of their Master's teaching and standards. They were as susceptible to changing moods as a political convention. Immediately after they had endorsed birth control, they prepared for publication a Pastoral Letter denouncing the decay of morals and the "menace of Reno", with particular emphasis upon the selfishness of "conscienceless and godless parents". This kind of logic is characteristic of the general order of thought in the document. It reflects not only mental and psychic confusion, but moral cowardice. Too many of the Protestant clergy are desperately afraid of being thought old-fashioned, of not being considered modern and up-to-date; and this fear impels them to compromise and hypocrisy.

We quote a few sentences from the Pastoral Letter which illustrate a very common sentimental delusion. The House of Bishops, disapproving the processes of Nature in general, refuses to admit the spiritual and natural necessity of war.

> War is murder on a colossal scale. The only armed force, whether on land or sea, which is justifiable is a constabulary designed to regulate and safeguard those interests that have to do with the prosecution of an orderly social and economic life. The testimony of the great war shows the wicked folly of such a struggle and its aftermath has shattered the world's hope and issued in confusions and disorder. . . . The Christian Church cannot and will not deny loyalty and fealty to its Lord by being partners in any scheme, national or international, that contemplates the wholesale destruction of

human life. It refuses to respond to that form of cheap patriotism that has as its slogan: "In times of peace prepare for war." It regards as wicked the waste of the nation's wealth in the building of vast armaments and the maintenance of greatly augmented forces on land and sea.

The whole pacifist argument depends upon the validity of the generalization that "war is murder on a colossal scale". Without doubt, some wars have been murderous feuds, and nothing more; but the statement as a universal proposition is meaningless. One might as well say that a man who protects a woman or child from assault is as guilty as the assailant, because he also uses violent methods. The Great War proves the "wicked folly" of Germany which started it in open defiance of civilization. Do the Bishops seriously pretend that Belgium was wicked and insane, when she rejected the criminal proposals of the German Chancellor; or that England would have behaved like a Christian nation, if she had broken her pledge to defend Belgian neutrality? Are the French to-day wickedly wasting their wealth, because in times of so-called peace they prepare for war, knowing that the Germans, who have so many times crossed the Rhine, are making ready to cross it again?

To believe that such courses of action are evil, is to betray the principles of Christ, who gave his life for the helpless and oppressed. It is no wonder that in all the Occident, multitudes who still believe in fundamental distinctions between right and wrong, have turned in disgust from the Churches. The supreme tragedy of Christianity is that the ideal image of the Master has been distorted beyond all recognition, until to the average man it suggests the polar opposites of its veritable qualities, weakness instead of strength, the spirit of compromise instead of the spirit of honour.

The End of War

The pacifist is blind to the basic truth that no era of enduring peace can come, until the virtues of the warrior have become an integral and permanent part of human nature. It would be agreeable if these virtues could be acquired without effort and sacrifice, without the need of cultivating them through experience of discomfort and horror, pain and death. Unfortunately these are the conditions which are presented and enforced by Nature. We must learn to recognize the light of the immortal spirit shining through the outer hideousness of the suffering and dying body.

"Nothing is better for a warrior than a righteous battle", says Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gîta*. It is interesting and stimulating to find this theme resumed in a recent work by Colonel Charles de Gaulle of the French Army, *Vers l'Armée de métier*. The author comments upon the mission of the soldier, which is not merely to kill the enemy, as the pacifists insinuate, but to sacrifice himself completely and joyfully to a cause which he recognizes to be greater than himself. Therefore, the true soldier longs, in a certain sense, for war, because only in battle can he fully give himself. "Between the fictitious activity of an army in times of peace and its latent power, there is a deceptive element, of which the soldier cannot become aware without pain." It is not that he enjoys the spectacle

of the battlefield, with its confusion and carnage. He looks beyond all warfare to the ultimate peace, but he knows that this peace is the dynamic consummation of life, and that only by the way of war can it be attained. Colonel de Gaulle has restated, in his own terms, a fundamental principle of real Christianity, that freedom from pain is the reward of those who use pain to rise above it.

> If war is in essence destructive, the ideal of the warrior is, however, economy, the minimum of slaughter for the maximum of victory. It turns to account death and suffering and terror, the sooner to attain its goal and to bring them to an end. . . . In truth, the military spirit, the art of the soldier and his virtues constitute an integral part of the capital of humanity. . . . The self-sacrifice of the individual for the group, the glorified suffering by which troops are formed, best fulfil our æsthetic and moral ideals; the highest doctrines of philosophy and religion have chosen no other goal.

The World-Picture of Modern Physics

To return to our general theme, the brutal realist and the sentimentalist suffer from a common delusion, that it is easy to discover and to reveal the truth. The ultra-modern physicist is at least freed from this kind of self-deception. In his efforts to interpret the bewildering paradoxes of "sub-atomic" behaviour, he has reduced the universe to "a stormy sea with the sea taken away and only the abstract quality of storminess left—or the grin of the Cheshire cat if we can think of a grin as undulatory". Tangible things do not exist in the scheme of wave-mechanics, and the physicist has practically abandoned the search for them. He refuses to speak of anything more definite than a "probability".

However, from time to time, some leader of advanced scientific opinion ventures to speculate upon the nature of the world-picture which may ultimately emerge from the void in which the classical Newtonian universe has been dissolved. In his Presidential Address before the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Sir James Jeans suggested that the one certain fact in the world is the existence of our own minds. His thesis represents a return, in spirit if not in letter, to the starting-point of modern philosophical speculation, the famous *cogito ergo sum* of Descartes.

There is nothing new under the sun. It is wise to keep this ancient apothegm in mind, whenever we read a newspaper. The press habitually describes every event in the most sensational terms possible. Thus the newspaper accounts of Jeans' speculations imply that his ideas have no precedents in the history of the human mind. Moreover, Jeans himself lends colour to this delusion by apparently imputing to his predecessors a general naïveté which is quite incredible. Doubtless, a gross and crude materialism has been fashionable in certain strata of society during the past two centuries; but one wonders how many real men of science have believed that they were "studying an objective nature which had its own existence independently of the mind which perceived it".

For instance, there was Sir Isaac Newton. In the *Principia*, he carefully explained that he did not use the word "attraction" in a physical sense; that his conception of natural forces or "agents" was purely mathematical. In

his *Third Letter* to Bentley, he said: "That gravity should be innate, inherent and essential to matter, . . . is to me so great an absurdity that I believe no man, who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it." A hundred years after Newton, Cuvier, the great zoölogist, remarked in the *Révolution du Globe* that "it is not certain whether natural forces are not after all spiritual powers (*des agents spirituels*)." In 1870, when Victorian materialism was at its height, Thomas H. Huxley wrote in his *Lay Sermons:* "After all, what do we know of this terrible 'matter', except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? . . . Nor is our knowledge of anything we know or feel more, or less, than knowledge of states of consciousness." Certainly, Jeans is not the first scientific thinker who has concluded that "the external world is essentially of the same nature as mental ideas".

The following is quoted from the report of Jeans' address in *Science*, September 7, 1934.

The old physics imagined it was studying an objective nature which had its own existence independently of the mind which perceived it—which, indeed, had existed from all eternity, whether it was perceived or not. It would have gone on imagining this to this day, had the electron observed by the physicists behaved as on this supposition it ought to have done. But it did not so behave, and this led to the birth of the new physics, with its general thesis that the nature we study does not consist so much of something we perceive as of our perceptions; it is not the object of the subject-object relation, but the relation itself. There is, in fact, no clear-cut division between the subject and object; they form an indivisible whole which now becomes nature. This thesis finds its final expression in the wave-parable, which tells us that nature consists of waves and that these are of the general quality of waves of knowledge or of absence of knowledge, in our own minds. Let me digress to remind you that if ever we are to know the true nature of waves, these waves must consist of something we already have in our own minds. Now knowledge and absence of knowledge satisfy this criterion as few other things could; waves in an ether, for instance, emphatically did not. It may seem strange, and almost too good to be true, that nature should in the last resort consist of something we can really understand; but there is always the simple solution that the external world is essentially of the same nature as mental ideas. . . .

His [the Victorian scientist's] objective and material universe is proved to consist of little more than constructs of our own minds. To this extent, then, modern physics has moved in the direction of philosophic idealism. Mind and matter, if not proved to be of similar nature, are at least found to be ingredients of a single system. . . . This brings us face to face with the fundamental difficulty which confronts every form of philosophical idealism. If the nature we study consists so largely of our own mental constructs, why do our minds all construct one and the same nature? . . . I would suggest that physics itself may provide a possible although very conjectural clue. . . . Atomicity and division into individual existences are fundamental in the restricted space-time picture, but disappear in the wider, and as far as we know more truthful picture which transcends space and time. In this, atomicity is replaced by what General Smuts would describe as "holism"—the photons [or units of radiation] are no longer distinct individuals each going its own way, but members of a single organization or whole—a beam of light. . . . The biologists are beginning to tell us, although not very unanimously, that the same may be true of the cells of our bodies. And is it not conceivable that what is true of the objects perceived may be true also of the perceiving minds? When we view ourselves in space and time, we are quite obviously distinct individuals;

when we pass beyond space and time, we may perhaps form ingredients of a continuous stream of life. It is only a step from this to a solution of the problem which would have commended itself to many philosophers from Plato to Berkeley, and is, I think, directly in line with the new world-picture of modern physics.

Consciousness and the Intellect

Many details in this brilliant philosophic design recall the world-picture of Theosophy. The student of Theosophy also believes that "the nature we study consists largely of our mental constructs", and that mind and matter are "ingredients of a single system". However, the two pictures are far from being identical. There is a depressing quality which pervades the "real world" of Jeans' system. It is, indeed, "a stormy sea with only the abstract quality of storminess left". It has as much warmth and vividness as a mathematical formula, and is admirably adapted for the habitation of such entities as the square root of minus one. Certainly this is not the "real world" of Theosophy. It is a fundamental theosophical principle that the universe, if we could see it as it truly is, would reveal itself as infinitely more vivid, more concrete, more varied in beauty, more individual in its forms of consciousness, than we can remotely conceive. As one of the Upanishads tells us: "Who could live, who could breathe, if the heart of being were not joy?" It is our own world of illusion which, by comparison with the real, is abstract, vague and empty. But the truth and beauty which we find and love here, are re-discovered on all the planes of reality, for they are of the essence of universal being. "There is no existence for that which does not exist, nor is there any non-existence for that which exists."

Jeans reduces the universe to a basic substance which is either mind or of mind-like nature. But what does he mean by mind? The word itself has so many connotations, that it is almost impossible for anyone to use it twice in exactly the same sense. Jeans appears to have some conception of a universal consciousness of which human consciousness is a specialized manifestation or microcosm. But he clearly identifies this "consciousness" with the intellect. It is, indeed, open to question whether the ideal intellect which he attributes to God could be associated with any state of consciousness. The mind of Nature or of God, as he half-seriously postulates it, is devoid of everything except the ultra-abstruse figments of pure mathematical theory. It is the intellect of a super-mathematician.

As Jeans makes clear, it is irrational to conceive all things, including our minds, as permutations and combinations of an objective and material stuff extended in space. But we find it no less difficult to imagine any process whereby a mathematical formula could be transformed into the concrete universe to which our souls and bodies belong.

Even the limited introspection of which we are capable, demonstrates that the intellect is not itself a creative power. It is an instrument of consciousness, a vehicle evolved by Nature, as the physical body is evolved, for the purposes of soul. Wherever consciousness is immediately present, the twin powers of perception and will are active. In the oft-quoted phrase of Plotinus, con-

sciousness is contemplation overflowing into action; as the mystics have so often repeated, consciousness and love are one and the same. But the intellect *per se* is incapable of perception and will and love. It is in its own nature as passive as a robot; its function being to register and to preserve the images presented to it by the perceptive powers, and, under the impulsion of will, to formulate in logical order plans which can be translated into effective action.

The Bridge Between Spirit and Matter

Theosophy, following the most venerable of metaphysical traditions, proposes a solution of the coexistence of subject and object in one universe, by postulating that they are aspects of "an Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless and Immutable Principle on which all speculation is impossible".

> Parabrahman, the One Reality, the Absolute, is the field of Absolute Consciousness, i. e., that Essence which is out of all relation to conditioned existence, and of which conscious existence is a conditioned symbol. But once that we pass in thought from this (to us) Absolute Negation, duality supervenes in the contrast of Spirit (or Consciousness) and Matter, Subject and Object. Spirit (or Consciousness) and Matter are, however, to be regarded, not as independent realities, but as the two symbols or aspects of the Absolute, Parabrahman, which constitute the basis of conditioned Being whether subjective or objective. The Manifested Universe, therefore, is pervaded by duality, which is, as it were, the very essence of its *Ex*-istence as Manifestation. But just as the opposite poles of Subject and Object, Spirit and Matter, are but aspects of the One Unity in which they are synthesized, so, in the Manifested Universe, there is "that" which links Spirit to Matter, Subject to Object. This something, at present unknown to Western speculation, is called by Occultists, Fohat. It is the "bridge" by which the Ideas existing in the Divine Thought are impressed on Cosmic Substance as the Laws of Nature, . . . the dynamic energy of Cosmic Ideation (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, I, 43-44).

It is suggested that man, in his turn, can build a "bridge" between soul and body, between subject and object, between the perceiver and the perceived, a "bridge" which may be said to correspond to Fohat and to be formed of spiritual intuition and will. Not unnaturally it is unknown to Western speculation, for it is manifest in the lives of the very few. However, according to the occult tradition which Madame Blavatsky transmitted, no real understanding of the simplest fact is possible until that "bridge" is completed by man. The mind, relying on the physical senses alone, and distracted by self-will and emotion, can speculate endlessly, but it cannot contact the living truths of greater Nature. It is this "mind" which is "the slayer of the real". The intellect is the mirror of consciousness, whether this be high or low, and only the spiritual man can possess an intellect which reflects things as they are.

FRAGMENTS

THOU hast started upon the Quest, O Soul: hast thou the lion's heart that it requires?

Nay, quoth he, no lion's heart have I. I am weak and fearful, but I love.

Hast thou strength, then, for the rigours of the Way,—the heavy burdens thou must carry, the rough, steep climb, the bitter winds, the peril of a slip to faltering feet?

Nay, I am all weakness, as I said; know not how to climb, have a poor back for burdens, and always stumble when I walk.

Then hast thou light and vision to supplement this weakness, something to show thee where the turnings are upon the road; where, through the mists, the chasms lie concealed; where, under newly-fallen snow, are rolling stones or sheets of slippery ice? Vision thou must have, or else sure knowledge of the Way.

Nay, neither have I: I tell thee I have but love, and what I love I seek. Forbid me not, for I can die of love, so weak I am. The body matters little, but who could slay his heart?

If thus thy love be all, O Soul, and if thy heart were slain, where wouldst thou be upon the Way? Consider well.

Nay, cease thy questioning. O thou, Tormentor of my craven soul, leave me, that I may pass along. Or, if thy blighting presence must stay with me, come thou; I parley here no more. I love, and follow where I love.

Then was the troubling voice dissolved in music, and on the strains of music came the words: Pass on, blest Soul; he who has love has all the rest, or finds them waiting for him on the Way. Pass on, whatever may betide, to certain Victory.

CAVÉ.

LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

THE concluding words of Judge's letter of December 19th, 1895, from Aiken, S. C., were: "No more and we shall meet" (see the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, July, 1933). I was at Macon, Ga., where, on December 22nd, the very active local Branch, in spite of Macon's comparatively small population, provided an audience of over 600 people, in the Academy of Music, to listen to my lecture on Theosophy. Newspaper reports were friendly, and Judge, when he heard of it, was pleased, for in those days, numbers and publicity still counted. We were sowing widely, scattering seeds of the Ancient Wisdom in every corner we could reach. Not many of us realized then, as Judge did, that out of the thousands who not only listened, but for a time joined the ranks of the Society, it would have been against the order of Nature for more than a handful to bear fruit.

As soon as I could leave Macon, I joined Judge at Aiken, and had the delight of spending two weeks with him in the boarding-house where he and Mrs. Judge were staying. Judge's voice was very weak; it hurt him to talk; but as the love of his life was the Theosophical Society and the Movement, he not only *had* to know the particulars of my lecturing tour, with impressions of the members I had met, but *had* to comment for my information, and "for the future", as he put it, when I begged him not to tire himself in this way. (It should be remembered that he died on March 21st, only three months later.) He used to come to my room and sit on the bed, cross-legged, yogi fashion—the soles of his feet turned up—and talk of things he wanted me to know, of things inner and outer, vital in the real and often hidden life of the Movement. Already showing signs of exhaustion, constantly struggling with his cough, it seemed none the less as if he could not, would not die, so strong and steady, clear and one-pointed, was the inner flame of his purpose; and always the same marvellous smile, springing from his eyes,—quiet, like sunrise behind hills. Uncomplaining, single-hearted, he fought on, hoping to live that he might complete the work he had begun. Often we talked of the book on Occultism, for which he had asked me to collect material: it was needed, he said; there were so many perversions, misunderstandings, of the real thing.

He had not a spark of vanity in him: and that, above all, was the trouble with his enemies, as it is the trouble to-day with those who discuss him from a pedestal of superiority, deciding where he was right and where he was wrong,—in an effort to show, by hook or crook, to a little circle of admirers, their own acumen, or "spiritual" attainment, or vast experience, that in any case they may shine in their own eyes, and, if God be good, in the eyes of others also. How small they are, against the memory of his greatness!

He was still able to take short walks, and occasionally we tried the streets of Aiken for this purpose; but they were "full of niggers", as he said,—which

would not have mattered if it had not been for the amazing rudeness (at that time, in any case) of the coloured population, and for occasional attempts to jostle us off the pavement, which both of us found intolerable. So we deserted the streets and took to the woods, agreeing that the North is often unfair to the "Southern attitude" toward negroes, Northerners failing to recognize the difficulties which arise when white people, outnumbered, live side by side with a race which, as a race, is inferior (the exceptions, both ways, merely emphasizing the rule).

No man ever worked harder for the ideal of brotherhood than Judge; but he was not one of those addle-headed dreamers who think that all men are born equal, or that distinctions of race, creed, sex, caste and colour, properly accepted, are any obstacle to a genuinely theosophical relationship.

Judge's personality was Irish, and, racially, on the plane of his personality, he disliked the English; but his dislike of the English on that plane was nothing in comparison with his dislike, on another plane, of the Irish in himself: "that Irish boy", he called it privately, with disgust. He was, in other words, incapable of real prejudice,—able to see things for what they were, recognizing inferiority here and superiority there, with entire detachment. Standing with him once on a balcony of the old Star and Garter Hotel at Richmond in England, we saw Queen Victoria drive by in an open landau. He had not seen her before, and was deeply interested. "A remarkable woman", he said; "a very remarkable woman"; then, after a pause: "She has extraordinary *presence*". It was no small tribute, coming from him. How he would have hated the tribe of present-day, professional belittlers!

Judge left Aiken on January 9th, and, after spending two weeks in Cincinnati with Dr. Buck, and over a week in Fort Wayne, arrived in New York on February 3rd. I had been obliged to leave Aiken in time to lecture in Washington on the evening of January 7th, proceeding from there to Pittsburgh, then to Wilkinsburg, to Philadelphia, and so to New York, where I arrived on January 19th, most gladly accepting Mr. Griscom's kind invitation to his home.

While in Washington I received this,—Judge's mind still intent upon "things to be done", but with a twinkle in his eye as he bestowed on me yet another sobriquet.

[Postmarked] AIKEN, S. C., January 7th, 1896.

Dear Orator,

I forgot to say that we wish to bring out a pamphlet, same series as *Devachan*, on Reincarnation, to be made up from *Path* articles, etc. The last one, "Doctrine of Rebirth", is a good one; and there is one by [Dr.] Anderson. You will have to look these up also, when you get to New York, and let me know about it.

All well, as ever,

Q.

[Postmarked] CINCINNATI, O., January 16th, 1896.

Important and Confidential.

Dear Ernest,

There is a small room on the top story of 144 [Madison Avenue] which has a Yale lock. In it are the following: . . .

Now then: I want to give up the room to the Trustees. Take large sheets of wrapping paper and twine (Look out for ——'s curiosity). Do up the old robe and ask Griscoms (Mrs.) to take charge of it for me.

Nobody knows what's in the room, no matter what they may suspect; so don't tell them.

Well good bye and

As ever,

Ϟ.

[Postmarked] CINCINNATI, O., January 19th, 1896.

Confidential.

Dear Ernest,

Without waiting to hear from you: I have thought over the matter of the Chickering Hall lectures [Claude Wright had been lecturing there, every Sunday morning], and my opinion is—you had better, if asked by W. [Wright] to take part or take up, *refuse.*

If he is going to give up, he should be allowed to do so. I do not think they are of enough consequence to call for the expenditures they require of all sorts to make them go right.

As ever,

Ϟ.

Nothing definite about plans. My throat bad, and cause of aphonia discovered therein—three months old.

To understand the reference to Mrs. Besant in the next letter, it is necessary to keep in mind that K.H. ∴ had written to Olcott in August, 1888, that he had not written to or communicated with anyone, *except through H.P.B.*, since 1885; that Sinnett, suspecting H.P.B.'s integrity, but still believing in the existence of K.H., had been determined to establish his own independent line of communication with K.H., and, with that end in view, had mesmerized his wife and others, putting them into "trances", and had thus secured what *he* regarded as authentic teaching and guidance from the K.H. of *The Occult World*,—all the more authentic, in Sinnett's estimation, because the instruction, thus obtained, invariably confirmed Sinnett's preconceptions and prejudices, especially his rooted conviction that the planets Mars and Mercury belonged to the Earth chain of globes, and that he was supported in this by K.H. as against H.P.B. On the appearance of *The Secret Doctrine* in 1888, Sinnett had bitterly resented

H.P.B.'s correction of his views on this subject; relations between them had become very strained, and for some time before H.P.B.'s death, in May, 1891, Avenue Road and Sinnett's group had kept at arms' length. Very shortly after H.P.B.'s death, however, Annie Besant privately approached Sinnett. She did this because, "all intellect" and not in the least spiritual (as H.P.B. had written of her), she was avid of phenomena and had resented Judge's refusal to indulge her craving and his insistence that she must seek and find the "inner light" and thus become a "self-moving wheel". For a brief period, Sinnett captured her, as so many men had, and as so many were still to do. Thus it came about, as an after-effect of Sinnett's influence, that in *Lucifer* of December, 1895, Annie Besant reversed her earlier statements (see *The Path* of December, 1893, p. 270), "corrected" H.P.B., and, incidentally, led me to explode against her in a letter to Judge, to which he replied as follows:

[Postmarked] CINCINNATI, O., January 20th, 1896.

Dear Ernest,

Will you please attend to the enclosed matter of German application. I enclose my reply written in copying pencil, so that it can be press copied.

Claude [Wright] has pretended to attend to these European matters, but I have no confidence. I asked him to get (*a*) book to enter matters done as President of T.S.E., (*b*) copying book for these letters. Find out if he has them, and use them. The record should have quite a number of entries. But he has never informed me about it. If he hasn't them, then you procure them please.

Yours from Philadelphia received. It is amusing; they are amusing.

But may I ask if you thought it a reply to my request for copy [to write me] *re* squashing B. [Mrs. Besant]? I don't see *Lucifer*. You must write me the stuff and I'll alter to suit me [This was done. See *The Path*, March, 1896, p. 362]. I wish to ignore her, but I can't ignore the point. It is vital in the philosophy. I would not name her other than "editor of *Lucifer*".

I am feeling badly all the week with stomach and throat. Latter no better. We shall leave here in a few days and go up to Fort Wayne.

—— of Philadelphia writes a mawkish note deploring the correction made in *Path* about American Section and bolters. Is he the duck you spoke of?

As ever,

Q.

P. S. Think of the European laxity. It is now six months since Convention, and I have had no copy of adopted form of charter or diploma. If I had it, I could reply better to Reuss.

[Postmarked] FORT WAYNE, IND., January 29th, 1896.

Dear Ernest,

Am too sick to write. You are too previous about sending a delegate to London in July. That is not occultism. Not the time to think of it now.

Received the stuff *re* Mars and Earth, and will use it when I get better.

N. B. The yellow stone in the little filagree box is *not to be handled*. Tell the Gs [Griscoms] if they have it.

Coryn: My letter in reply from him is to the contrary. He is pleased. Says that's the sort of one he likes. I tell you there is too much disposition to *make* friction and to get even.

Watch C.F.W. [Claude Wright] when around and tell me if he seems overburdened with work.

Weather here very nice and warm. I found out where the robe is o.k., so you need not bother. Thanks for all the trouble you took.

As ever,

W.

[Postmarked] FORT WAYNE, IND., January 30th, 1896.

Dear Ernest,

Re letter to —— of India. Better point out also the affiliation clause in our Constitution and say that can be done. If they would take a bold stand, there might be a good deal done there. Suggest it. He and his Branch would have as much right as a thousand to declare themselves an Indian T.S.

Just received the *Path* article and the Bernhardt matter. Thanks. Am a little better and will read them soon.

We need a pamphlet (in the "envelope series") and I wrote Page [manager, under Judge, of the Publishing department] on it—about Reincarnation. It will consist of reprints from *Path*, e.g., Miss Wakefield's article and some of mine and Anderson. Please ask Page if he wrote Miss Wakefield.

I don't know what headway you are making with all the various things, as you don't say. Nor do you send any note or memo of anything for "Screen". Has no point arisen at all?

As ever,

W.

[Postmarked] FORT WAYNE, IND., January 31st, 1896.

Dear Ernest,

We leave here on Monday and shall arrive Tuesday at Grand Central. Please meet me with a carriage to hold you also. I would rather that the people did not come to the station. Will probably go to the Lincoln House and do not care on Tuesday to have anyone but you and possibly Griscom call. I am worse—in voice—than at Aiken, and positively cannot speak.

Will give you particulars in telegram before leaving, as to time of arrival.

If Claude says he wants to come up, I do not care to have him as I shall have to write what I want with him. But don't tell him this.

As ever,

Q.

It was on February 3rd, at 6 p. m., that he arrived in New York, driving from the station to the Lincoln Hotel, where he had decided to stay until a suitable apartment could be found for him. He was far more ill than when I had left him at Aiken some three weeks earlier: he was much weaker, his cough was more frequent, his digestion gave him greater pain, he could barely whisper. But he insisted upon my spending an hour or more with him daily, while he went over details of the Work in its many ramifications. When he could, he whispered his comments or directions; at other times he wrote notes on scraps of paper,—such as: "*Forum.* If possible relieve C.F.W. of the *Forum*, and take entire charge of it, either at once or by degrees." "*Path.* You must attend to it. Articles to come are yours and Buck's. I can't finish mine I fear. I have Miss Hillard's. You must write Screen of Time." He thought of everything; I must have a desk at 144 Madison Avenue, then our Headquarters; so another note says: "Your desk is to be in Correspondence Class room, 3rd floor. Desk belongs to W.Q.J. Use it." He was indefatigable, unconquerable; and the explanation was simple: his zeal, springing from so great a love for the Work that so long as he could think he must think first of that, always of that, and then, from the same source, find strength to pass on to others, by some means or other, the thought he willed into action. I can imagine a dying mother, unable to move, still tending her little one like that.

No matter how ill, he always got up and dressed as usual, refusing to stay in bed; but, with rare exceptions, he could not receive visitors. He sent for Mrs. Griscom, wanting to see her, and he saw Mr. Griscom, so loyally devoted to him, several times.

While Judge was at the Lincoln and I was spending part of every day with him, reporting on what had already been done to carry out his instructions, upon what remained to be done, and receiving further directions from him—every branch of the work being covered—I did not realize that he was dying. I did not even think of it as a possibility: he was so intensely alive in heart and mind, so vibrant with energy. Nor did I realize the extent to which his long illness had frayed his nerves; if I had, I should not have allowed myself to become rather discouraged at times by my inability always to please him. His patience and self-control were really marvellous, but I knew that my inexperience and stupidities were occasionally a trial to him, and then doubtless I looked as well as felt crestfallen.

This childish reaction was stopped completely by a letter which I received, addressed to me at 144 Madison Avenue, postmarked February 20th, the

envelope of which was in Judge's writing. The "letter" itself was in a modified script which I well knew, and read as follows:

"Ernest—Never mind his nerves which have been exposed a long time. He is really pleased with what has been done and especially with the way you did the Screen. Δ"

I had the grace to be ashamed of myself for making such a message necessary, or, if not necessary, for having drawn on the compassion of one whose generosity is unending but whom I might have spared.

It was a relief to Judge when, finally, an apartment had been found for him (he hated hotels), and his furniture had been moved into it. It was on the third floor of 325 West 56th Street. He, Mrs. Judge and I drove there on the afternoon of February 22nd. From that day he grew weaker and weaker. Some two weeks before his death his doctor warned him that unless he would consent to give up all work, he would throw away his only chance to recover. Judge consented, but the first effect of such a change in his whole life's practice was to make his condition worse: there was danger of an immediate collapse. His cough was incessant; he could no longer lie down; he would doze with his head on his arms on the back of a chair. Absolutely uncomplaining, he never lost his magnificent power of endurance and self-control.

On the morning of March 19th, I had gone to the T.S. Headquarters at 144 Madison Avenue as usual, although much worried by Judge's appearance (as already stated, I occupied one of the rooms in his apartment). In the early afternoon I received a telegram: "Go to Twenty-Ninth Street railroad office; get full particulars all Florida resorts, trains, tickets, sleepers; then come home. —W. Q. Judge." When I returned, he whispered that if he could "only get to some place where he could sit in the midst of sunshine and flowers", he might yet perhaps recover. Not long afterwards, while I was sitting by the sofa on which he half sat and half reclined, watching him as he dozed, the "Rajah" suddenly came to the fore, and with his unmistakable force said, among other things: "There should be calmness. Hold fast. Go slow".

On Friday, the 20th, Mrs. Judge and his sister, Miss Emily Judge, persuaded him to have a professional night nurse. She came, but he would not have her in his room! It made me laugh; it was so characteristic; it was one of the things in him that I loved.

In the afternoon he got some broken sleep. It was after this that he told me he was "away most of the time"—had I seen him "come back just then?" That night, Miss Emily Judge was obliged to go home, and as Mrs. Judge badly needed rest, it became my privilege to sit with him from about ten until about three o'clock on Saturday morning. During that time he dozed, though rousing himself every half hour regularly for his medicine. He was fighting to the last ditch: it was his duty. Unselfish to the end, he told me every time I gave him his medicine, to go to bed at once; what was I up so late for?—with that rare

smile of his. Numerous excuses were invented, at which he again smiled his old smile. At about three, Mrs. Judge took my place, but at six she called me, saying that Judge wished to see me at once. When I went to him he whispered asking me to go immediately to fetch a doctor, a specialist, who had been called in previously to consult with his regular physician. I realized now, if I had not done so previously, that we were at the last ditch; so I tore through the streets to the home of this famous specialist, and, when no one answered the door-bell, rang it furiously for half an hour without ceasing, until at last he appeared,—only to refuse to see Judge on the ground that to do so in the absence of his regular physician would be contrary to professional etiquette. I pleaded, breathlessly; but the fact that a man's life was at stake did not affect him.

Hurrying back to the apartment, I found Judge in the same condition, sitting bolt upright on the sofa—facing it. Telling him the result of my call, I suggested the name of another specialist; but now he refused to see any doctor. At about 8:30 I left his room to ask the nurse if she thought anything could be done, but at about ten minutes to nine Mrs. Judge rushed in, calling us to come at once. I found him still sitting upright, but with the clear mark of approaching death on his face. In three minutes he quietly breathed his last.

Thus seemed to die "the greatest of the Exiles",—a warrior of the Lodge. As I wrote at the time: "He passed from comparative inactivity into the full use of his powers; from constant physical pain into a state where *that* pain was only a memory. For him, death had no terrors, brought with it no separation. So we who loved him have no cause to mourn, but instead should rejoice that he is set free at last."

The truth is that Judge, "dead", went out of his way to make it evident to some of us that he was very much alive. We could not have doubted it, but his generosity of love demanded expression, and found it.

The debt we owe him is beyond calculation. The existence of the Society to-day is due primarily to his labour and sacrifice, and to the light he passed on. H.P.B. had hewn a track through primeval forest, and, to do so, had been obliged to use dynamite and axe. Judge turned her track into a paved road: he was the great consolidator. Both built their own memorials: H.P.B., her *Secret Doctrine* and *Voice of the Silence;* Judge, that living nucleus, one of the fruits of which is the thirty-two years' existence and growth of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, and the continuance, so far into the twentieth century, of the Work of the Lodge which Masters inaugurated in 1875. In Palestine, many centuries ago, the Master Christ dominated cyclic law,—in his case, *a major cycle.* Not since then has even the hundred-year cycle been over-ridden, until that which Judge left behind him, as the flowering of his effort, became the means of similar opportunity.

Gratitude is never easy to express, but the least I can say is that I personally owe him, directly or indirectly, all that I value in life.

E.T.H.

PERCHANCE HE SLEEPETH

"THERE was no trace of arrogant pride in his voice or bearing. You wondered if he had a true appreciation of the greatness that is his, and came to the conclusion that he had not. You were sure that he had no conception of what he meant to the millions who had watched him, but also to those countless other millions to whom he was but a great and glamorous name. And you were very sure that he did not know the wonder and the magic bound up in the words he was speaking."

The above is an item copied from a New York daily paper of late date. It is not written of any adept or initiate, or of any great pioneer in art or science. It is written, believe it if you can, of Babe Ruth. In the next column an advertisement for cigarettes begins: "It would make a camel laugh". It is well that camels have a sense of humour, for now they can use it.

Kali Yuga, into the further murk of which we seem to be so blithely marching, must mean a state of consciousness in which everything is not merely standing on its head—that is to be looked for in a world of reflections—but is also so ludicrously out of drawing that it would make a whole menagerie laugh. But laughter or no, of the many strange gods this strange world has worshipped in its time, the least inspiring of them all is the great god Speed under whose chariot wheels thousands are not only metaphorically but literally casting themselves. Speed is spoken of in the New Testament once, when that doomed herd "rushed violently down a steep place and there perished". It sounds as a modern motor race looks.

Some years ago Charles Johnston of beloved memory, in an address to The Theosophical Society, emphasized the limits of the physical plane and the certainty that we must proceed on other planes if we are to proceed at all. Nerve and muscle, he pointed out, can be trained and over-trained almost to work miracles on their own terms. A horse will trot a mile in a surprisingly small number of seconds, and next year he may, with luck and youth, do it in a second less. An athlete will run a mile, breaking all former records; but what physicians call a "follow-up" may find him under treatment for a dilated heart at forty; a silly girl will swim half across the Channel and then be dragged frozen and semi-conscious into the boat that has pursued her with a reviving flask; while as to what the degenerate days call "Marathons", debasing the beautiful Greek word to cover pitiful exhibitions of exertion carried beyond the danger point, the less said the better; perhaps the poor things are doing it for their daily bread, and one would keep a charitable silence except toward the law that permits it. The point is that stress is placed increasingly on the physical; the plaudits of the crowd are for its triumphs, the ludicrous dithyrambics of the newspaper reporter are poured out in its honour, and those who "play the game" are the inspirers of such reverent awe as prompted our opening paragraph.

There would seem to be a natural corollary to this, to be found perhaps in a holy law that life lived on the physical plane alone, breeds a distaste for life; for these people do not love it. They love many of its by-products, but not life itself, and one wonders what another type of "follow-up" would disclose; what aftermath of weariness is born finally of high living and low thinking; what shadows haunt these "heroes" who day by day must have life less abundantly? When the physical plane betrays physical people they are at once in bad case, for where shall they turn? Complacency being the last outpost, they continue to pat themselves on the back, but they do so with uneasy eyes, and looking round for someone else to blame, they decide that God will do. So the "man in the street" shouts defiantly that he never asked to be born, and could not be convinced that he had clamoured for it, or that, so far from having a grievance, it was a granted boon and he was living from breath to breath under the clemency of a spiritual moratorium to which only the bookkeeping of Paradise could be equal. No—this cock-sure, three dimensional world is not enjoying its own chaos.

The language of revolt can be very eloquent, and blaming God has always been an inviting pastime. It lends itself to an inexpensive philosophy, to facile exuberance of expression, and either to romantic resignation or to heroic defiance—rôles in which man fancies himself. It follows that an ever-easy way to the great public heart is to mirror it in prose or rhyme stiffened with a little water-starch of philosophy. Some of us remember the day Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat* came to its welcoming American public. Its beauty was its obvious passport, but oh! how youth responded to its insolence! Here was an arraignment of Providence in good round confident quatrains—if there is such a thing as a round quatrain. Here were those reflections we had coquetted with now and then, echoed back to us in lovely seductive verse that everyone could quote—and everyone did. To quote is agreeable, but to be quoted to is horrid, and we fled our friends down the byways. Then people went home and translated it all over again—the poets must have smiled. Novelists headed their chapters with its most challenging lines, and it was set to music of course and sung *ad nauseam* by quartettes who yelled that they wished to remould "it" to the heart's desire, while the baritone, who was only that and nothing more, robustly declaimed that with "Doctor and Saint he did eagerly frequent". It was felt that the mills of the million grind exceeding small, and Providence was getting its come-uppance at last.

(For the purposes of its argument this article must ignore the interpretation of Sufi mysticism, against which Fitzgerald's translation of the *Rubaiyat*, in a verbal sense, appears to lean backwards.)

There is another poem, not so well known or so often quoted, which the present writer loves,—and loves this opportunity to quote. Unlike the *Rubaiyat*, it does not leave its passionate questionings unanswered, but passes with quiet triumph to their spiritual solution. Anna Hempstead Branch is the poet, and "The Descendant and the Id", the poem:

The scholar in his book you know
Talks of ids and biophors, and so
Makes much rebellious dreaming come and go.

This rebellious dreaming carries the poet back into the dark abysses of time to face "some dim Forefather of my birth", and together they arraign the principle of heredity from the outlook of common victims. Then appear those "melancholy pilgrims", the poet's immediate ancestors, and the terrors of inheritance grow ever more vivid; for between them all they have betrayed the past, cheated the present, and mortgaged the future. (The poor things do not seem to bequeath good Karma.)

Heredity, that drives the weak and great,
With hostile lips I kiss thy robes of state.
Such homage wilt thou ask of me, O Fate!

The case would seem to be desperate from the fatalist standpoint, did not presently the inner self intervene; did not speak "that rapt Philosopher, who bore the little, restless, splendid Biophor", bidding the poet "look you, with curious eyes, upon the Id", for—

"Here is thy will, thy war, thy heavenly fire,
Thy dust, thy want, thy labour, and thy hire,
The dream, the anger, and the old desire. . . .

What dream hast thou of what thyself might be?"

"*What Dream hast thou?*" Then with a heart of trust
I felt the sharp and exquisite swift thrust
Of swords of angels, flashing through the dust. . . .

Slowly I felt the ancient custom fall
Like shattered rain from off a steady wall,
And great "*I will*" is stronger than them all.

For if those hordes that terribly must ride
Drive through my heart and leave their grief inside,
God also wanders there at eventide.

Man from the dust and woman from the bone,—
But oh, we were not wrought of these alone!
God, with His Heavenly Spirit, breathed thereon.

And so, by this path and by that, we come home once more to the Ancient Wisdom, and it has a still small voice. It says to the level of the physical, "thus far and no further"; it whispers in the Hall of Learning, "pass on", and links its over-worked lures to a weary distaste. The soap-box orators of the city square shout it down in vain, and in vain is it denied from city pulpits. Those few who listen can hear it always, as Job heard it when he cried from his cross of initiation—I know that my Redeemer liveth and that without my flesh I shall see God![1] L.S.

[1] See *The Holy Scriptures, A New Translation* (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia).

ONE PATH TO THE GOAL

IT is a well known fact that the records of mystical experience—the experience of those who have lived the inner life to the point of finding the Inner Light —show striking unanimity, whatever the period of history represented, and whatever the race or creed. It is equally true, however, that the mystics of different creeds, and frequently those of different nationalities, contribute, as groups, each their unique note. The mediæval Spanish mystics (the group best known to the West, perhaps) made the discovery that love of the Ideal, when developed to a certain high degree, can transmute and unify every element in the nature, and can then tap the very sources of being, drawing on a new life-force, and lifting the lover to undreamed-of heights of consciousness. Closely related to them, and in certain ways influencing them, the mystics of the Mohammedan faith (the early Sufis) laid an equal emphasis on love, and also found in it the means to attaining the Goal; but while they sounded that same note, all the overtones and undertones (to use a musical analogy) were subtilely different.

Persian or Arabian as were most of the early Sufis, they lived at the meeting point of East and West, possessing national characteristics which made them susceptible to the many influences which converged there. Orthodox Mohammedanism, oriental mysticism, the Gnosticism professed by many sects in that locality, and a large admixture of Neo-Platonism, all became blended with the original Sufi quietism—furthering largely thereby what seems to have been the plan of the Lodge for opening the great storehouse of oriental thought to Spain and the West, through the conquering Moorish advance in North Africa and the Iberian peninsula. Unlike the mystics of the western world, who were compelled to fit the revelations they received into the narrow moulds of the Roman Church, the Sufis enjoyed considerable freedom, due chiefly to the general belief of their compatriots that all things, supernatural revelation included, are governed less by religious law than by the personal, moment-to-moment will of Allah. They became skilled in aligning their public teachings with orthodox views, and while there were, it is true, cases in which unorthodoxy paid the extreme penalty, since it exceeded even the supposed possible will of Allah, for the most part there was opportunity for remarkable breadth and profundity of thought—the more remarkable when it is remembered that Mohammedanism is one of the most rigid religious systems that the world has known.

The outstanding characteristic of the Sufi teachings lay, perhaps, in their complete recognition of the fundamental unity of all things. It is both implicit and expressed, in their thinking, their writing, their whole attitude toward life. It is just beneath the surface throughout such a work as the great *Masnavi* of Jalálu'd-Dín Rúmí, which has been termed the roots of the roots of the roots of the Mohammedan faith. This extraordinary poem is a collection of tales from every-

day life, with all the flavour of the Moslem East—episodes of the streets and bazaars, the palace and the hovel; fables of beasts and birds; all the colourful existence best known to the West through the *Arabian Nights*, but with a wholly different purpose in the telling. The stories have always in mind the reality lying close beneath the outer aspect, the jewel within its homely setting. The simple conduct of daily life, usually with little or no moralizing, but merely with the skilful turn of a line, is made to yield its lesson and reveal a world within worlds, and the reader is expected to bear this in mind and lend himself to it:

> O brother, collect thy wits for an instant (and think): from moment to moment (incessantly) there is autumn and spring within thee.
>
> Behold the garden of the heart, green and moist and fresh, full of rosebuds and cypresses and jasmines;
>
> Boughs hidden by the multitude of leaves, vast plain and high palace hidden by the multitude of flowers.
>
> These words, which are from Universal Reason, are the scent of those flowers and cypresses and hyacinths.

In following up that scent, entering the garden of the heart, and finding there the heart's Beloved, lay the whole meaning and purpose of life for the Sufi.

Borrowing from Neo-Platonism, the Sufis made their own the idea that the universe is the reflection of the Real. By a series of emanations the Divine Light, streaming downward, fell upon the darkness of not-being, every atom of which reflects some attribute of Deity—man reflecting all the attributes. Implicit in this is the belief that God is in every atom,—its essence. "He is a hidden treasure, and the visible world is a means whereby we may discover Him." He is not only Being, but Will, the motive power of all action, the spirit, the life of the world. "O God, I never listen to the cry of animals or to the quivering of trees or to the murmuring of water or to the warbling of birds or to the rustling wind or to the crashing thunder without feeling them to be an evidence of Thy unity and a proof that there is nothing like unto Thee." From this, it is only a step to the belief that every atom is seeking to find its way back to Unity. Every creature is longing for Him; the heart is athirst for Him; God is the goal toward which all things are moving.

> The heaven itself revolves in silence, consumed by its yearning to look upon Him. The sun, as it goes on its orbit, is seeking to solve the mystery; the moon and the stars as they wax and wane, are craving for union with Him. When the flames of the fire rise heavenwards, it is from their longing to meet with Him. The wind, without foot or pinion, mounts aloft in its search for Him. The water rushing by in every stream seeks to find its rest in Him. For His sake the mountain is cleft into range upon range, so that in every spot it may keep its watch for Him. Even the sea, when thou seest it raging so furiously, is seething with yearning for the Friend.

The place of man in this scheme of things—that is, of the real man within us, is essentially and potentially, that of divinity itself. The Persian, 'Attar, has expressed it:

Man, what thou art is hidden from thyself.
Knowest thou not that morning, mid-day, and the eve
All are within thee? The ninth heaven art thou,
And from the spheres into this roar of time
Didst fall erewhile. Thou art the brush that painted
The hues of all this world—the light of life,
That rayed its glory on the nothingness.

But realization of such a heritage is far distant. In his present state, man is but a prisoner, the bird in its cage, the pearl in the oyster. There is that splendid poem by Avicenna (Ibn Sina), relating to the soul, quoted in an earlier QUARTERLY:

Lo, it was hurled
Midst the sign-posts and ruined abodes of this desolate world.
It weeps, when it thinks of its home and the peace it possessed,
With tears welling forth from its eyes without pausing or rest,
And with plaintive mourning it broodeth like one bereft
O'er such trace of its home as the fourfold winds have left.

Man, then, like every other atom in the universe, is seeking to find his way back to his source, but is ever held down, ever kept separate by the self, blinding and deluding him and leading him astray. One typically eastern expression of this concept comes also from the *Masnavi:*

O camel, on thy back is a bale of roses, from the perfume of which a hundred roseries grew within thee.
Thy inclination is toward thorn-bushes and sand:
I wonder what roses thou wilt gather from worthless thorns.
O thou who in this search hast roamed from one quarter to another, how long wilt thou say, "Where, where is this rose garden?"

To accomplish the "passing away" from self, which was obviously necessary, the Sufis pursued a course of discipline, extending over many years, with extremes of austerity such as alone seem to satisfy the eastern temperament. The aspirant in all too many cases, as in other oriental systems, attained only to some unfortunate part-way stage on the long journey, and there became mired in psychism of various kinds and degrees. The East is miracle-loving, and at times its avidity in that direction has been abundantly fed; but fortunately, among the early Sufis there were many whose quest was truly spiritual, who regarded "miracles" as a temptation, a hindrance to reaching the shrine of Truth, and who saw, as one of their number expressed it, that the greatest miracle is the substitution of a good quality for a bad one. By such men as these, the passing away from self was sought in its most complete sense. They strove for a degree of identification with the Real in which there could be no "Thou" and "I", the very thought of "I-ness" being swallowed up. One of the characters in the *Masnavi*, addressing the Deity, says,

Thou didst contrive this "I" and "we" in order that Thou mightst play the game of worship with Thyself,
That all "I's" and "thou's" should become one soul and at last should be submerged in the Beloved.

As these lines suggest, it is not *death* to self that is stressed, but *life* in the Real (a distinction which orientalists might well recognize in their efforts to explain Nirvana), and the one power which can achieve this end is love, that fire in the heart consuming all save the will of the Beloved.

> O heart, haste thither, for God will shine upon you,
> And seem to you a sweet garden instead of a terror.
> He will infuse into your soul a new Soul,
> So as to fill you, like a goblet, with wine.
> Take up your abode in His Soul!

" 'Twere better that the spirit which wears not true love as a garment had not been," writes Jalál; "its being is but shame. . . . All mankind are children except him that is intoxicated with God." Here again, as in all other mystical records, it is abundantly shown that the love of which they speak is not the love ordinarily known to humanity. The latter, even at its best, is only the A B C of real love. "The beloved who is not everlasting is better far away and out of sight." The higher love is the rapture of the seer, just as it is in every mystical record; it is equally the courage of the martyr, the faith of the saint. Expressed in action, it is self-renunciation, self-sacrifice, self-abnegation—the giving up of wealth, health, honour, will, life itself, for the sake of entering into and becoming one with the Beloved. "Love is a God-sent grace which must be sought by ardent prayer and aspiration." The mystic's concept both of love and of peace (two *states of consciousness* so grossly misunderstood in the world to-day) might advantageously be blazoned where all men must see, on the chance of bringing home to them the nobility and beauty of the reality they are unconsciously drawn by, and its contrast with the poor counterfeits they consciously seek. However, with better judgment no doubt, and in conformity with the long-ago warning about casting pearls, a celebrated Egyptian Sufi, Dhu'l-Nūn, declared that Divine Love must not be spoken of, lest it come to the ears of the vulgar. He added, "True knowledge of God is not the knowledge that God is One, which is possessed by all believers; nor the knowledge of Him derived from truth and demonstration, which belongs to philosophers, rhetoricians and theologians; but it is the knowledge of the attributes of Divine Unity, which belongs to the Saints of God, to those who behold God in their hearts in such wise that He reveals unto them that which He revealeth not to anyone else in the world."

The relation worked out by this intensely beauty-loving people (as many of them were) between the Love of God which they sought, and love of the beautiful, is worthy of note. Among aspirants in the West, the more characteristic attitude is to turn away from the beautiful, to renounce it, perhaps to condemn it, at any rate to regard it as one of the "weights" to be laid aside in pressing toward the mark. The Sufi, on the contrary, sought it, embraced it, dwelt upon it, realizing that everything in the universe is as "a jug that is filled to the brim with wisdom and beauty", and that that beauty must be used as fuel for the flame of love he was striving to kindle. Out of this attitude grew the large body of poetry making symbolical reference to human beauty, of which the following from the Rubaiyat of Hafiz is representative:

"Thy lips?" I ask'd; quoth She, "Water of
Life is there!"
"Thy mouth?" I ask'd; " 'Tis sugar sweet
beyond compare!"
"Thy speech?" I ask'd; "Hafiz," quoth
She, "hath said it is
The joy of those who use the mystic speech of
prayer!"

There was entire recognition of the danger of lingering in the outer form, of failing to pass from the visible beauty to the Beauty within it.

Alas! thou in the picture wert so much
absorb'd
Thou didst forget the Painter Who the picture
wrought.

Music affords a good illustration of their recognition of this point. Its effect was recognized and studied, and among the dervish Orders, it was extensively and effectively used. But while referred to (by Dhu'l-Nūn) as a divine influence, stirring the heart to seek God, there is the warning added that those who listen to it spiritually attain to God, while those who listen to it sensually, fall into unbelief.

Jami summed up the attitude toward the æsthetic element when he wrote, "Beauty and Love are as body and soul; Beauty is the mine and Love the precious stone." It resolves itself again into that teaching of the fundamental unity of all things, wherein beauty and Beloved are one, just as lover and Love and Beloved are one. Beauty of outer form is a veiled expression of the Beloved within and behind it. "If gnosis were to take visible shape all who looked thereon would die at the sight of its beauty and loveliness and goodness and grace, and every brightness would become dark beside the splendour thereof." And the commentator compares a passage from Plato's *Phaedrus:* "For sight is the keenest of our bodily senses; though not by that is wisdom seen; her loveliness would have been transporting if there had been a visible image of her."

A recent book by a Latin American tells of the author's search for an authentic image of the Master Christ. Impelled by a longing to look "into the very eyes of the Lord", he wandered far and wide, always hoping to discover, in oratory or library or museum, some early sculptured or painted likeness that would satisfy his longing. "I carried on these rovings," he says, "not for the vanity of knowing the historic truth, but for the need of possessing the mystic truth." It is a need—the need for the Real—which all mankind feels, even though he be conscious of it only as the vague unrest and discontent which urge so many on to ever-new excitement or sensation. And satisfaction lies in this discovery of the Sufis: He (or That, or whatever we may prefer to call the Real) is the Beauty in all beauty, the Soul of souls, the one infinite Being in which all are united, the source of all love. " 'Tis the sun's self that lets the sun be seen." Jalál is quoted as saying that the soul's love of God is God's love of the soul . . . in loving the soul

God loves Himself, for He draws home to Himself that which in its essence is divine. "Our copper has been transmuted by this rare alchemy."

There were many among the Sufis who sought (and found) ecstasy. A few tell of a still higher level of consciousness,—a mystical, unified consciousness, "the little corner where joy is"; a state in which they can say truly, "The centre is within me and its wonder lies as a circle everywhere about me." This higher level they term Riza, or the quintessence of love—re-phrasing it as "joyous submission". Certain critics, not having experienced it, claimed there was no such thing—submission, perhaps, but what joy could one find in that! In refutation, and in explanation characteristically oriental, a story is told (one of the Christ legends in which Mohammedan literature abounds):

It is said that Christ once saw a blind, forlorn leper who was praying: "Blessed art thou, O Lord, who hast saved me from such maladies which have overtaken many of us!" "Art thou not in misery?" asked Christ. "Tell me which is that malady which has not overtaken thee?" "Thank God", cried the leper, "I am not like him who does not know God!" "You are right," said Christ. "Give me your hand." And the breath of Christ instantly healed the leper, and he became one of his followers.

Regarding still higher stages and the ultimate destiny of man, there was no apparent uniformity of thought. The tenets of orthodox Mohammedanism denied the very possibility of many of the states which the Sufi actually experienced. The interpretation of these states, and the exoteric teaching, accordingly varied with the degree of orthodoxy required at any given period; varied also with the foreign religious influences most active at a given time, and with the degree of enlightenment of the individual teacher. One suspects that there were almost as many varieties of Sufism as there were Sufis,—certainly an extraordinary elasticity and fluidity and inclusiveness. Esoterically, of course, there may have been more uniformity. That there *were* esoteric teachings, there is no doubt, and *The Secret Doctrine*, it may be remembered, suggests that part of them at least, were of Chaldean origin. However, for the present purpose, the main point is that the sect embodied and kept alive in the world the knowledge that Love has the power to raise mankind from animal to angel, and thence to "what no mind e'er conceived"; also that Love, rightly understood, is an infinite, creative force, emanating from the source of all Being, streaming downward to non-being, gathering up all sentient things in its life-giving current, purging the dross from those who will to enter its consuming fire, and, impelling incessantly onward and upward, raising them to new life, new consciousness, —which, for man, can mean the ascent from mortality to Life Immortal, to Divinity itself. J.C.

If thou dost not desire to be dust under the dust, then must thou look away from the dust.—'ATTAR.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

I HAVE heard of the Great Lodge of Masters as having sentinels, whose duty it is ceaselessly to survey mankind in the hope of discovering, now and then, one with whom it seems the Lodge may take a chance. When an individual is thus singled out by these "eyes" of the Lodge, I can imagine him being watched for a period of years or of incarnations, until some useful quality of his becomes dominant enough for the sentinel to report on it to his superior. If the sentinel's report is acted upon favourably, the Lodge then takes a chance with that soul. Unless this or something like it is so, I do not know why I joined The Theosophical Society, which was founded by Madame Blavatsky, Mr. William Q. Judge and others, at the express command of the Masters as the present outer expression of the age-old Lodge Movement.

Somebody in the Lodge evidently has seen fit to take a chance on me. Of course, it must be figured that all this happens in accordance with the working of Karma. Under the operation of this law of justice one receives exactly his due. Apparently, then, the Masters accept chances under the operation of Karma. Nevertheless, the chances thus accepted and taken are in no wise lessened. So much for the real reason, or cause, of my joining The Theosophical Society.

Now let us look at the surface working of this reason, or cause, during my present incarnation. I shall mention only two facts concerning my babyhood and early childhood. I was such a puny infant, that the doctor in attendance at the time of my birth told my father I could not live more than a few hours. Despite this advice, my father sent numerous telegrams announcing the arrival of a fine boy. Whether due to these telegrams, or to Karma, or to my mother's unremitting care—she practically maintained a twenty-four-hour vigil for several hundred days—by the time I had reached the tender age of three I could have taken a prize for robustness at almost any baby show. I know, for I have seen a picture of myself at that age.

The second episode I wish to mention is of my early childhood. When I learned there was no Santa Claus, I told my mother she might as well there and then tell me there was no God, and that there never had been such a person as Jesus of Nazareth. I had so linked Santa Claus and Christmas and Him that when I learned there was no chubby old chap who whisked about with presents each Christmas Eve, I figured that the other person connected with the day was a make-believe creature also; hence, the Father too. The word illusion was not part of my vocabulary at the time, so I just wondered how much of everything was make-believe and how much was not, and this "wondering" continued for a number of years.

I pass now to the last three years spent at boarding-school. Having been such a puny infant, all energies, both parental and at school, seemed to unite to turn me out an especially physically fit boy and youth. Moreover I had an aptitude for games such as football, baseball, hockey, and the like, so that during these years I found myself representing the school in practically all branches of athletics. How could it be that the puny infant had developed into a boy athlete? The more I asked myself the question, the more I was drawn back to the Santa Claus episode, and reminded of that other figure with whom Christmas is associated. I used to think: If He and the Father are make-believe, whence comes all this? In my youthful mind I had decided that my aptitude for athletics was a matter neither of accident nor luck. I was certain there was more to it than just my own prowess.

At night, when the lights were out and we were all supposed to be asleep, I used to ponder these things. We had compulsory chapel service each morning, and service with a sermon on Sunday mornings. Whether visiting clergy or the school clergyman preached the Sunday sermon, the trend of their remarks was always the same: God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. This and much more I pondered, as I lay awake at night. With churches throughout the country, even in the small hamlets near the school, all founded on the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, and all proclaiming that teaching, could it be that He was nothing more than my childish conception of Santa Claus had been? Could it be that one day I should be told that the New Testament was fiction? If so, why did the old people as well as the younger go to church? Surely they did not go to learn about and to worship a myth. Even my immature mind could not accept that theory. Had any one been sent to prepare the way for Santa Claus as John had prepared the way for Jesus? Had any one given up all to follow Santa Claus as had the twelve, and Paul, for Jesus? Then would follow what to me was the vital question: Who was it, or what Power was it, that had made a puny baby and frail child grow into a sturdy, athletic boy?

It seemed to me that I owed something, somehow, to the Trinity. So, at the same time that I asked myself these questions, I used to try to reach up to God. I had an idea that if I could do so, I should be able to straighten out what I could not as yet unravel. This effort to reach God I tried only at rare intervals, because it left me quite shaken. I seemed able to reach up but a certain distance (I expressed it that way to myself) when I would be enveloped in utter darkness, such darkness as I believed could not exist anywhere. When I found I could not penetrate it, I tried to reach around it, so to speak, and approach from the rear. It was this rear approach, especially, which used to leave me shaken, because I would try to make it by endeavouring to get back of God; that is, by trying to vision things before God was and then lead from there to God. But that left things just a blank. I preferred the darkness to the feeling of blankness, of absolute nothingness. So I stopped, deciding to leave the reconciliation of the whole of my problem until later years.

I was not a freakish lad. On these inner problems I kept my own counsel. I was a hale, hearty, vigorous, normal boy. Yet I had been told that by all

the so-called regular rules of life I should have died a few hours after birth, instead of which I found myself a physically fit person able to give and take all manner of physical punishment. I was trying to account for this, feeling sure that it was not my strength alone, but something I was being permitted to use. I had had one ideal, one mould, that of jolly old Santa Claus, knocked into a cocked hat, and I was trying in my boyish way to rescue the other ideal. I wanted God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, for if there were such Power as that, I could account for what otherwise was a mystery to me. Particularly I wanted my ideal of Jesus of Nazareth, but having had this ideal shattered by the Santa-Claus episode, I was rebuilding it in my own way, and with various details, that were at variance with the orthodox conception.

With the ending of school-days, my mode of life underwent a complete change. For the first time I found myself living in a city, subject to the confinement of a city both during and after business hours. Used to the country and to vigorous exercise, I naturally felt shut in and restrained. Also I missed routine, for though I had to be at the office during certain hours, apart from that, I did not have any set schedule as had been the case at school, for there I had followed fixed rules from the time I rose until I went to bed at night. One thing was a distinct relief, however, and that was not to have to be an athlete. But I had worked up a certain bodily appetite for exercise and this, apparently, had to be satisfied. I became restless, and soon drifted into doing that which offered an antidote for my restlessness. I had formed the habit of exercising the body far more than the mind, so as invitations to dances began to arrive, I accepted them with alacrity. The more invitations I accepted and the more dances I attended, the more frequent the invitations became. The next several years were a veritable round of dances.

Thus the boy athlete became a dancing-youth-about-town. True, this took care of the physical exuberance which had to be worked off, but it seems a peculiar way of preparing to join The Theosophical Society. Nevertheless, it has a great deal of bearing on the subject. I became so surfeited with all that goes to make up a dancing-youth's existence that I awakened one morning determined to stop it at once. This determination was not reached an hour after awakening, nor even five minutes after, but was a part of what I awakened to on that particular morning. At the same time I found myself thinking of those nights at school when I had lain awake trying to reach up to God's pavilion. I had not given that matter much thought of late. Dancing days, or nights rather, are not conducive to that sort of thing. So then and there I made up my mind that I wanted no more of the froth of life. Like the spindrift of the wave, it led nowhere. I had been too long away from considering my ideal of Jesus of Nazareth, and on that particular morning I was thinking very much about that great figure, and how disappointing it must be to Him to have to see one expending strength on frivolity. This was more poignantly emphasized as I, who was expending it, had not considered it as wholly my own for some time past. So I determined to renew my search and to conserve strength for the journey. The first thing to do was simple—just to decline invitations. This was

done, and it was a surprisingly short time before they ceased to arrive at all. The other part was not so easy, and for that fact I was and am truly grateful, because in some way or other it had already been impressed upon me that what is easy of accomplishment is rarely worth while.

Here then was the one-time boy athlete with the athletic contour, both inner and outer, somewhat disarranged by the activities of the dancing youth, by laxity of schedule and the absence of regularity. Thereupon the young man, at the start of his journey, laid down a set of rules, and devised a daily schedule suitable to the application of the rules.

These rules were simple. In forming them I had in mind a threefold purpose. First, to rid myself of all that the recent irregularities had brought to me. Secondly, to put back certain of that which my earlier athletic training had built up. Thirdly, to put that back in such a way as to have it available for a purpose other than athletics. Therefore the rules were calculated so as to turn out an instrument fit for a long journey, and at the same time to give me authority over that instrument. Recalling the way in which athletic trainers had handled me, I placed myself in a similar position of authority over the instrument and handled it to suit the end in view.

By this time I was convinced that I had certain qualities which belonged, at least in part, to some other Person or Power. In some way, which was not yet clear, I had the firm conviction that these qualities were associated with the Trinity, and that the "Associates" had something to say about what should be done with them, and particularly that representative of the "Associates" who had gone the way of the Cross for mankind. I no longer had any doubts as to the reality of Jesus of Nazareth. It seemed to me that His life on earth opened a way to an *entente cordiale*, but my conception of it differed in certain details from the orthodox conception as I had heard it set forth. I still could not account accurately for my conviction, although I had started my schedule according to my simple rules, had girded myself for a long journey, was already on my way and did not purpose to stop.

Up to the present, life had been serene, because all that I had done was to toy with it. Now I was dealing with it, and straightway it began to deal with me. Life and I were no longer playing a game. We had entered the lists for a life-and-death struggle, and outwardly for a long, long time it looked as though life would win. Blow after blow fell; often in such rapid succession that there seemed hardly time to catch sufficient breath to go on with the struggle. Yet my rules, my schedule, and especially my *entente cordiale* required that I gain the ascendency over life; life as the world knows it. Without that ascendency in view my rules might as well have gone into the scrap basket, my schedule been abandoned, and my *entente cordiale* relinquished in favour of some mundane existence.

As a boy I had learned that no contest is lost until the umpire sounds the whistle which terminates it. As a dancing youth I had learned that mincing steps engender mincing ways. So the man-with-the-rules lengthened his stride as each blow fell, and kept on his way, for as self-imposed umpire his equipment

did not include the whistle. Life kept on raining blows. I kept on: blundering, stumbling, falling. Had the stake not been so serious, the whole series of performances could have been catalogued either as disgraceful or as ridiculous. Perhaps they are so catalogued. At any rate down I went and up I got. Thanks to the *entente cordiale* I would not, or could not, stay down. Not that there was anything majestic in the way I fell nor in the way I arose. Simply that the strength was at once mine and not mine.

Right in the thick of it I unexpectedly met an old friend—a friend out of the past. Out of the past? Why not? I had heard her mentioned for the first time but shortly before we met. Does one recognize a stranger at first glance? Do strangers meet and speak as friends at first meeting? Does a stranger calmly enter the lists of life-and-death-struggles with you? She, herself, if you ask her, will tell you there was instant recognition. We spoke of it then, and have referred to it many times since our marriage, about two years later.

At the time we met, I did not know my contact with The Theosophical Society would be established through her. She was not a member, but it was with her that I attended my first meeting. Later, we joined the Society together. What I did know from the moment we met, was that my course was being better charted. She was able to make it clearer to me. In some way, too, she seemed to be connected with my *entente cordiale*. Not that life ceased dealing with me; not that the blows stopped; but the harder they rained, the steadier was her vision and understanding. Something told me to keep very close to that friend. I did. So, when I found she wanted to go to a meeting of the local Branch of The Theosophical Society, it was perfectly natural for me to accompany her.

If I live to be a thousand, I shall always remember passing through the little door and entering the small room in which the meeting was held. I had not the slightest notion of what I was going to hear, but as I looked around, everybody and everything seemed to betoken that it would be worth while. In a few minutes the meeting began, and one speaker after another unfolded aspects of a philosophy that sank deep. Now and again I glanced at my friend. How was it with her? I could see that she was satisfied. That made it doubly all right with me. Before that meeting was over I felt that I *belonged* to The Theosophical Society. Not that I applied for membership then and received a certificate. I simply considered myself as belonging, as the little finger, if it could think, might regard itself as belonging to the hand.

I acquired some of the theosophical literature, which I read, and attended meetings of the local Branch as circumstances permitted me to do so. The more of these meetings I attended, and the more of the literature I read, the more it was impressed upon me, that through the wondering of the boy athlete, the experience of the dancing youth, and the combat of the man with the rules, I had been prepared for what, thanks to my friend, I was to find in the theosophical philosophy.

Thus the Lodge has its way of guiding us.

U.U.

WITHOUT CENSOR

IV.

THE winter of 1917-1918 was exceptionally cold and severe, and while we were comfortable enough in our quarters at Camp Upton, the building itself was so flimsy that, whenever there was a strong wind, all the heat in it was blown to the opposite end of the structure, so that it was somewhat like sleeping out of doors in those rooms which received the full force of the blast. Our mess, however, was at the far end of the quarters, so that we did not have to go out for meals, which was a great convenience. Often, as I looked around the table at the officers gathered there, I thought that, through the luck of the draw, there was among them a far higher degree of ability than was necessary to run an Ammunition Train. We had lawyers, bankers, business men, many of them with experience of affairs in a large way; they lacked only that military experience, which they were now acquiring daily, to become thoroughly efficient officers. As a matter of fact, several of them, after they had arrived overseas, went from the Ammunition Train into either the line or the staff. Our Colonel had sized them up rapidly and accurately. Never before had he had so many officers of so high a type under his command. He saw at once that they were all going to work hard and work well, that they only needed guiding and advice, and he realized, too, that the better the result of their work and of their effort, the more it would redound to his own credit as commanding officer.

The Colonel, in addition to being an excellent judge of men, continuously kept a much closer eye on things than I at first realized, and he was a strict disciplinarian. He was a charming companion when off duty, with a fund of stories and anecdotes, and a long experience in Army methods and details. He had not, however, kept up with the times in a military way, and, as an infantry officer, was entirely unfamiliar with the modern methods of infantry warfare then practised on the Western Front. He had one rather ancient book by some German General, whose name I have forgotten, which he read constantly, to the exclusion of everything else of a military nature, except the current Divisional Orders. But he knew how to get work out of his officers and men, and they all liked him. When the Colonel's visits to New York began to be frequent, he sent for me and said, "Captain, I don't want the Majors messing into things when I am in town, or assuming the functions of the second in command, or anything of that kind. You handle things while I am away, issue any routine Regimental Orders necessary, and write any letters that can be written by my authority. If it is a case of immediate letters to officers who rank me, see what you can do yourself personally about handling it. If you have to, get me on the telephone, and I will come right down to Camp; and hold things until I get there." This plan worked very well, and although the Majors sometimes became inquisitive and insistent when the Colonel was absent, it was a fine exercise in tact and diplo-

macy to keep them in their proper place. As his Adjutant, the Colonel frequently took me with him to the military talks for regimental commanders and field officers, which were often given by officers of the Foreign Armies, straight from the Western Front and detailed for that purpose, and all this was most interesting and helpful. The Colonel was an eminently fair man, and loyal to his officers and men, and as quick to appreciate as he was to rebuke, and his many good qualities, together with the high level of ability among the officers, and the hard work which was being done by all ranks, produced in the course of time something in the form of an organization in which we began to take pride.

We were greatly hampered, however, in our work of training the men, by the fact that we were almost entirely without the *matériel* to which we were entitled under our Tables of Organization. An ammunition train has a large number of motor trucks and animal-drawn caissons and wagons; we were never given any of these at Camp Upton, and it was not until we had received them after we arrived overseas, that we were able to train the men in their use. We did receive the six hundred odd horses and mules which we were supposed to have, and established schools of equitation, and taught the men how to care for the animals. All of these horses and mules were branded with the regimental mark, and were shipped overseas in advance of our unit, but upon their arrival they were diverted to some other division, and we had to start all over again when we reached our final training area in the south of France, with an entirely new lot of horses and mules which came from Spain, and which were distinctly inferior to our original animals in size and in strength. Apart, therefore, from the training with the animals, there was no other technical training possible for our men while at Camp Upton. As most of them were armed with the rifle, we turned, therefore, to infantry drill, both close and extended order; to interior guard; and to ceremonies, as the only other means of training, available or practicable; and by keeping hard at it along those lines, we really evolved, in the course of time, instead of an ammunition train, a fairly efficient infantry regiment.

We all had, of course, other military duties than those connected directly with the training. Personally, as Adjutant, I was always more or less submerged with a mass of paper work, which seemed to grow as time went on. It increased to such an extent throughout the Division that a Board of Officers was finally appointed by the Division Commander to inquire into ways and means of reducing it. The first act of this Board was to call for written suggestions from all units as to possible methods of reduction, and for written estimates as to the amount of paper work which we were already doing; so the first and only effect was to give us more paper work to do than ever, and nothing constructive in the way of reduction was of course ever accomplished. We had trouble with one of our captains, and, in order to get rid of him, we asked for a Board of Officers to be appointed by Division Headquarters to pass upon the question of his efficiency. I remember sitting beside the officer in question during the investigation, and giving my views on the subject, which were far from complimentary to him. French classes were started, and, to the unbounded glee of my family and friends when they finally heard of it, knowing as they did my entire lack of

qualifications, I was appointed one of the instructors. Fortunately, there was a complete absence of any previous knowledge of French on the part of my class, but, I regret to say, there was almost as complete an ignorance when I had finished with them.

We held several General Courts Martial, upon all of which I sat. Our first case was that of a soldier who had broken camp, and had absorbed an inordinate quantity of hard liquor in one of the nearby small towns. The cold air had minimized the effect until he was once again within barracks, when the heat from the great stove in the centre of the sleeping quarters had set him completely off his head, and, seizing a razor, he had tried fairly successfully to carve up his next-door neighbour because he did not like his looks. The Court, after mature deliberation, decided that this could not be allowed to recur, that it was very subversive of morale; and in order to make an example for its effect upon the other men, we found the accused guilty upon the several charges and specifications, and awarded a sentence of ten years confinement at hard labour in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, which sentence was later approved by the Division Commander. I said, after mature deliberation. It took us for ever to try that first case. We were entirely unfamiliar with the Court Martial Manual, and were obliged to consult it constantly as the trial progressed, in order to find out what to do next. We did not like to do so in the presence of the prisoner, as it did not seem quite dignified; so each time the necessity arose we sent him out of the room with his guard, and had him in again after we had found out what we wanted. From time to time, the Colonel would open the door and look in upon our deliberations, and, seeing us still at it, would invoke the Deity in a harsh voice, and slam the door again. He told us afterwards that we had taken several hours to do something which should have been accomplished in an hour. After the War, President Wilson pardoned all military prisoners. Some of us who had sat on that Court wondered whether or not that particular prisoner would be able to remember the names of those who had sentenced him, and hoped that, if he did, he had not retained his former propensity for carving.

The 77th Division had been brought to full strength by the draft, and the air was full of rumours to the effect that political influence of the strongest kind had been brought to bear in Washington to send us over as the first division of the National Army, because we represented the largest city in the United States. Nowhere is rumour, often entirely unfounded, more rife than in the Army; nowhere does real news travel faster. We did not really know what to believe, but hoped for the best, and speeded things up by every means in our power so as to be ready to go. Colour was added to the rumour by several Divisional inspections of each unit; as the Division Inspector was a great friend of our Colonel, we were always tipped off in advance, and made a good showing each time. But Washington had a change of heart, and instead of orders to proceed to the Port of Embarkation, we received orders requisitioning men from the 77th Division to fill up certain other Divisions at various points all over the United States. Politics was obviously at work, and was about to destroy an incipient efficiency built up with much labour. We hated to let men go upon whom we had spent so

much time and work. However, having by that time been in the Army long enough to have become proficient in the art of "passing the buck", we passed out first all of our conscientious objectors, all of our suspects with German names, and then those specimens which were undesirable for other minor reasons. It may be objected that to send our most undesirable men to other Divisions, without a word of warning as to their real character, was unfair, and that it did not free the Army of their presence. It was not possible, however, to get them out of the Army, for the War Department in its omniscience had issued a General Order to the effect that no soldier could be dismissed from the Service for any reason, unless he had committed an act which made him liable, under the Articles of War, to trial by a General Court Martial. Any such overt act our undesirables had steadfastly refrained from committing, although we had been watching them all hopefully. Moreover, we had come to the conclusion that to send away our suspects with German names was really a most constructive act, since it would break up any traitorous connections which they might have already formed in their present surroundings, and would force them to start their activities all over again under increased difficulties and under new conditions, and that they would be sure to be found out anyway in the long run. We parted with our first requisitions, therefore, with a certain feeling of relief, but the drain continued until our unit, and in fact the whole 77th Division, was down to about half strength. About this same time, too, we were forced to surrender a number of our best non-commissioned officers, who were ordered to Officers' Training Camps and Schools, and given there the chance to earn commissions. All this had a serious effect upon the training of those men who remained; but it also had most harmful results as far as the general morale was concerned, and in the early part of the year 1918 we were thoroughly discouraged and disgusted. We felt that the departure of the Division had been put off for many months because of these withdrawals, and feared that the War would be over before we could arrive overseas.

After the first pressure of work in connection with organization was over, and after things had settled into a regular routine, the Colonel had been most kind about allowing me to go to New York for week-ends. There was no training or instruction, nothing in fact but routine formations, between noon on Saturday and early Monday morning, so there was really very little to do at Camp in the interval, especially when the ground was covered with snow and ice. In consequence a general exodus took place early on Saturday mornings, in which I joined whenever I could, going up to town in my Ford, and driving back late on the Sunday nights. To facilitate my movements in this respect, the Colonel used sometimes to invent imaginary regimental business for me to attend to in the city, especially on those Saturdays when he himself wanted a seat in the Ford for the trip. This general exodus had the hearty approval of the War Department and of the Division Commander, the theory being that the morale of both officers and men was maintained and improved by these frequent visits to their homes, and that their periodic presence there inspired in their families and in their friends increased enthusiasm for the War. Be that as it may, these visits were very wel-

come breaks in the monotony of the life, for they not only enabled me to attend to various family and business duties, but also to see my friends in the Movement, to keep in touch with the progress of the Work itself through hearing of the latest developments, and, above all, to draw new inspiration and fresh strength from these all too brief contacts with T.S. Headquarters.

As the winter wore on, and as spring drew near, there was greater activity in the Division, and a definite atmosphere of preparation. It did not take long for the same old rumours in regard to an imminent departure overseas to spread; but this time they were true, and they were speedily confirmed by events, and by orders we began to receive. After all, we were to be the first National Army Division to go. Recruits began to arrive, and the Division began to fill up again. This time we received draft men from the country districts as well as some from New York; our particular unit took in men from the upper part of New York State, many of them boys from the farms, and well set up specimens physically. Officers were required to reduce their personal equipment to about one-half of what they had expected would be allowed. The Division Inspector started his nefarious activities all over again, aided and abetted by two officers from the Inspector General's Department in Washington, and any deficiencies in equipment revealed by these inspections were supplied with a promptness and a speed which left our Regimental Supply Officer breathless, as he had never before secured anything in the way of supplies without waging a pitched battle first, and not always then. Detailed directions as to the packing and marking of equipment not needed on the voyage were issued and carried out. Everything conceivable was stencilled to show that it belonged to the 302d Ammunition Train. Officers' trunks reposed in rows around the quarters, after having been painted with the broad red stripe of the Artillery. (We were theoretically an Artillery unit, although all our officers were commissioned in the Infantry!) Identification tags, to be worn on a thong, around the neck, were issued to all ranks, and it was this light touch which, more than anything else, seemed to bring home the fact that we were really on the move at last. All leave for enlisted men was stopped, although fortunately no restrictions were placed upon officers. The strictest secrecy in regard to the preparations was enjoined. An advance party, consisting of the Division Commander, most of his Staff, and one officer from each regiment in the Division, disappeared suddenly from public view. Finally one morning we awoke to find that one brigade of infantry had entrained overnight—for Halifax, as we found out later—and that the remainder of the Division was under the command of the remaining infantry Brigadier.

In order that the restrictions upon further leave for enlisted men should not work too great a hardship, their families were still allowed to come to Camp to see them on Sundays. Of course, any secrecy in regard to what was going on was impossible in the circumstances. The visitors ranged all over the place, saw all the preparations for departure, heard all the gossip and rumours, and went back to town and repeated everything, with embellishments. It was too ridiculous. When the orders for embarkation arrived, visiting, as well as leave,

should have been stopped at once, and a double line of sentries thrown out around the entire Camp, to prevent all communication. These visitors completely demoralized the men. The most heart-rending farewells would be exchanged, and then the whole thing would be gone through all over again on the following Sunday, and again on the Sunday after that. As we were one of the last units to leave, the whole business seemed interminable. Weeping mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts and children had to be herded *en masse* on Sunday afternoons out of the Ammunition Train area, to ensure their making the last train out, and that none of them would be left in Camp. It was pathetic; but we lost sight of the pathos in our concern for the effect which this was having upon the general morale. By Sunday evening of each week our men were reduced to pulp, and it was the following Tuesday at the earliest before they had recovered and were functioning normally. The Colonel continued to allow me to slip up to town each Sunday until the very last; and each time I said good-bye to my friends in the Movement, and told them all over again that this was probably my last appearance. Each re-appearance was, therefore, in the nature of an anti-climax, and must have produced somewhat the same effect and feeling as the visitors at Camp inspired in us there. I remember, upon what turned out to be my final visit, that the first person whom I saw when I arrived at the Sunday Morning Service was Mr. Griscom. After greeting me, he smiled and said that my presence would be a great surprise to my friends, as they had been thinking of me all the week as being on the water, and had been having the Prayers for Those at Sea for my benefit. I asked him if he thought it would be wise for me to withdraw unobtrusively, before anyone else saw me, but he did not seem to think so; so I stayed, with the distinct understanding, however, that the Prayers were to be continued at the proper time. I knew, although I had obtained them under false pretences, as it were, that I was going to need them very much indeed before many more days had passed.

Unit after unit of the Division left in turn, and finally we received our orders. I just had time to send two telegrams to New York, announcing our departure in terms carefully worked out and agreed upon beforehand. We entrained at Camp Upton early in the morning of April 26th, transferred to ferry boats at Long Island City, and reached the pier at Hoboken where our transport was awaiting us shortly before noon. There was a long wait on the pier, for some reason or other, before the troops were allowed on board, but, fortunately for us, the Red Cross was on hand with coffee and sandwiches, and tided us over the interval to the evening meal on the ship. We remained at the pier all that night, and did not cast off until early the following afternoon, but there was an infinite amount of detail to be attended to, and numerous orders which had to be understood and which others had to be made to understand, and the time was all too short as it was. Strict orders had been issued to the effect that, during the trip down the Bay and through the Narrows, no one in uniform was to be seen on deck, the theory being that then no one could possibly have the slightest idea that the ship was a transport loaded with troops. As a matter of fact, we proceeded on our way to the accompaniment of shrieking whistles and lowered flags from

everything afloat along our course, while the Staten Island ferry stopped and everyone on board crowded over to one side to get a good look, producing a heavy list. But there was a strange feeling of unreality about those last glimpses of the city in which one had lived all one's life. That phase of living seemed over, as it were; heart and mind were intent upon the problems of the moment, and upon that new life and those new experiences to which one was bound.

Once well outside, our transport, the *Northern Pacific*, was joined by the transport *von Steuben*, which had been awaiting us, and we proceeded in company, both vessels being heavily camouflaged with the usual paint effects. We had no convoy of destroyers until we neared the French coast. After the first two nights out, all ranks slept fully dressed, minus only head gear and pistol belt. Boat drills were organized at once, with frequent rehearsals, so that, after two days, we were able to have every last man up from the lowermost regions of the ship, and in position, beside his designated life-boat or raft, in something over two minutes after the alarm gongs had started to sound. Those stand-tos were cold and dreary and silent affairs. They started one hour before sunrise, and one hour before sunset, and lasted until the sun was well up or until darkness had actually fallen. At those times, and in those half lights, the bulk of a ship loomed large against the horizon from the periscope of a submarine, and presented an exceptional target. All officers were armed with the pistol, and orders covering the possibility of panic or stampede, or any attempt to rush the boats, in the event of a torpedoing, were most drastic. As a matter of fact, the stand-tos were all entirely uneventful; but we were fired upon twice in the middle of one night, as we approached the French coast, by a submarine which must have happened to rise to the surface just as we came along. Apparently it was a hurried proceeding on the part of the enemy, for one torpedo went past us, and one went astern, and no damage was done. No one but the watch and the two Commanding Officers—Ship and Troops—knew about it until later. We were going fast, and our speed probably saved us from further attentions. At night, both vessels ran with no lights showing, and about half a mile apart. Orders in regard to a possible display of light were very strict; no smoking was, of course, allowed on deck, and even wrist watches with luminous dials were forbidden. One night another vessel, also running at full speed without lights and bound westward, passed between the *von Steuben* and the *Northern Pacific*, and within three hundred yards of the *Northern Pacific*, so near that the watch on each vessel were able hastily to hail one another. We felt aggrieved when we heard of this; surely, we thought, the ocean was large enough to avoid that unnecessary kind of thing, and why couldn't we be let alone? The nights were long and dreary and uncertain affairs; owing to the darkness on board and to the crowding, there was not much to do after mess except to lie out in one's berth, until sleep came, followed by a sudden, rude awakening, when the stand-to gong rang in the morning. I had the upper berth, and at the first sound of that gong I would drop to the floor, not really awake at all, usually on top of the Captain who was my room-mate, who would be emerging from the lower berth at the same moment. After we had disentangled ourselves, there would be frantic and hurried

searchings for head-gear, pistols, and overcoats, which we usually found mixed together on the floor, no matter how carefully we had laid them out the night before; for the *Northern Pacific*, while fast, was long and narrow, and proved to be a terrific roller with the following wind which we had all the way. And so, on deck for the stand-to, where the cold morning air blew the last vestiges of sleep out of us, and made us long for the party to be over, and for mess.

The days were busy enough, and started with an inspection by the Colonel and myself of the enlisted men's quarters; we always had with us the Company Commander whose area we were inspecting, so that criticism and suggestions could be noted. The men slept in triple-decker bunks, and were very crowded, and as the air was bad, many of them were continuously sea-sick. In spite of this, they were forced to come on deck for stand-tos and for their regular duties and for watch, and thus gradually overcame their feelings. We were given voluminous orders from General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, which required the making up of all sorts of lists, the furnishing of a great amount of useless information, most of which had already been given by us, and the filling in of various forms. These had to be furnished in quadruplicate, and their preparation devolved upon me as Adjutant. A deck-house was assigned to us as a Regimental Headquarters, and in it a battery of typewriters was set up and this paper-work proceeded. Again and again, on rough days, I would see men gradually turn green; they would catch my eye, and at a nod, would disappear on deck for a space, and then come lurching back again and go at their typewriters once more. Never before had I had such a strenuous ocean voyage. The bright spots were meals; the food was good, and we used to sit together at table afterwards as long as we possibly could.

On the morning of May 4th, our seventh day out, we had just completed our usual stand-to and had gone below, when suddenly the alarm gongs sounded again. When we had once more taken our positions on deck, we could see, far off on the horizon, a wisp of smoke, but too distant for any indication as to whether it was friend or enemy. Within an hour, however, three American destroyers hove in sight, sent out from Brest to convoy us in. We were delighted to see them, for we knew that we were now in the real danger zone for enemy submarines, and were glad of the protection which they afforded. The decks were crowded that morning by all ranks, watching the manœuvres of the destroyers. They were exactly like little terriers. One of them would suddenly dart off at an angle, to investigate a suspicious smooth spot on the water or some floating object on the surface, and, finding all serene, would veer around in a sharp curve and come racing back straight for us. Another would dash around and around the *Northern Pacific* in circles, while the third would encircle the *von Steuben* at the same time. As the morning wore on, we ran into a thick fog, and at the first indication of bad visibility the Commanding Officer of the *Northern Pacific* turned her in a circle and stood out to sea again. When we were clear of fog, we started for the coast once more, only to run into more fog and repeat the performance. This happened three times. Finally, around noon, the sun burned through, and when the fog finally lifted we saw the *von Steuben* about three miles

away to port, and our convoy of three destroyers grouped together an equal distance to starboard. We had been dashing about all this time in the mine-fields, going it blind, and it was really more due to good luck than good management that we escaped trouble. We resumed our previous formation, and soon the French coast came in sight, then Brest itself, still a long way off, and at the same time a blimp and two planes appeared, and hovered over us until we were safe in the inner harbour.

We tied up at a pier, and as we had received orders that no one was to be allowed on shore for the present, the Officer of the Day was directed to station sentries on the pier, and the Colonel and I paid an official call on the Commanding General of the American Base Port, to report ourselves and to receive our orders. The troops spent the entire next day on board alongside the pier; the Colonel and I, however, were able to think up some more official questions which we wanted to ask, and paid another call on the Commanding General, approaching and leaving his Headquarters, however, by circuitous routes which enabled us to take in most of the town and to see the sights, and so timing our movements that we arrived in front of the principal hotel exactly at lunch time. The following morning, May 6th, we disembarked the troops, and forming them on the pier, marched through Brest, the Colonel and his staff at the head of the Column, to Pontanezan Barracks three or four miles, I think, on the other side of the town.

This Camp was being used as a receiving depot for incoming American troops, where they were held until medical examinations had been made, more inspections had been held, and defects in equipment and other supplies had been remedied, after which the various units were cleared and shipped by rail as soon as possible to their appointed destinations. Pontanezan had been used as a camp at one time by Napoleon, and the small house occupied by the Americans as a Headquarters had once been utilized by him for the same purpose. The troops were under canvas, and did not enjoy their stay; they were looked over by so many different staff officers for so many different purposes, that they had no peace. It was quite cold still on the Brittany Coast early in May, especially at night, and the food was neither good nor plentiful. One of our men was heard to remark, "Huh! They call this a Rest Camp. The only thing that is getting a rest here is my insides." Personally, I had no rest at Pontanezan either, for we found that most of the lists which we had made up, and most of the forms which we had filled in with so much labour and trouble on the *Northern Pacific*, had been superseded by new lists and new forms. New orders had been issued by General Headquarters calling for new information, and most of our work proved to have been useless and unnecessary, and had to be done all over again.

The Colonel and I occupied a large tent, together with the Chaplain and the Supply Officer; we each had an army cot in a corner. The second night after our arrival, I was awakened in the middle of the night by a piercing yell. I sat up, dazed with sleep, trying to remember where I was and to imagine what had happened. The sound seemed to have proceeded from the Chaplain's corner, as there was still a peculiar whimpering sound emanating from that point. The Colonel and the Supply Officer were both awake; I could see two shadowy and

indistinct forms sitting up in their cots. There was a moment of dreadful silence. Then the Colonel said, in an awful voice,—"For God's sake, Chaplain, what's the matter?" I never knew whether the Colonel felt that mentioning first the Deity was the proper way to preface a series of remarks to a Father of the Roman Catholic Church, or whether the Colonel's own alarm made him instinctively invoke Higher Authority. At all events, there proceeded from the Chaplain's corner a series of gulps and gasps as from one who has succeeded in coming up to the surface again for air, and then a weak and tremulous voice, which stated that it thought it had had a nightmare. There was another moment of dreadful silence; and then the Army made a short address to the Church, in which the name of the Deity was again mentioned several times, perhaps for both of the above reasons, with the element of relief added,—it being explained to the Chaplain in clear and concise terms just how many different kinds of an idiot he was. I was shaking with laughter, but made no sound, as it did not seem possible to add anything to what had already been said. The Chaplain was a chastened man the next day; but no further allusion was made to the occurrence, and the Colonel seemed already to have forgotten it, his manner to the Chaplain being altogether charming.

A trip or two into Brest by the Colonel, accompanied by the Supply Officer and myself, served to complete arrangements for entraining the command for Souge, near Bordeaux, where there was a large artillery camp and range, and where we were to undergo our final training. On the morning of May 9th, a few days short of a year from the date upon which I had gone to Plattsburgh to the First Officers' Training Camp, the Regiment was in formation and ready to march into Brest to entrain. When, at the Colonel's order, I gave the command, "Battalions, Attention! Column of companies. First company, right by squads. March!", watched the troops begin to move, and then hurried to take my place at the head of the column with the Colonel, I felt that we were really entering the last phase of preparation, and hoped that it would not be long.

CENTURION.

(To be continued)

True it is that whoso cannot obey, cannot be free, still less bear rule: he that is the inferior of nothing, can be the superior of nothing, the equal of nothing. —CARLYLE.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—LINCOLN.

MANAGING THE PERSONALITY

AS members of The Theosophical Society, many of us have attended its meetings for a number of years, and have heard numerous interesting and helpful addresses and discussions. If we have attended meetings of the New York Branch, we have heard contemplation discussed—contemplation of an ideal of life which transcends the life and interests of the personality—and also the transforming power of such contemplation. The idea may have seemed to us desirable. We may even have felt, in a general way, that we should like to make it our own. Then, after contenting ourselves for a time with what amounted to little more than a pious hope that some day, or in some future life, we might be able to attain it, we may suddenly have become aware that the barrier which has been restraining us from making a serious attempt to take the first steps on the Path toward such a goal, was our personality, and the fact that all our life we have allowed it to govern our thoughts and acts, and have habitually centred our consciousness in it and its concerns. Perhaps, following this realization, we decided to remain a slave no longer.

All of us are familiar with the analogy of the rider and the horse, used to describe the relation between the individuality (the enduring, reincarnating Ego) and the personality. In the *Phaedrus* there is that familiar passage which shows quite clearly that Plato understood the dual nature of man, as evidenced by his reference to the charioteer and the two steeds,—one of them "noble and of noble breed, upright and cleanly made; a lover of honour and modesty and temperance, who needed no touch of the whip, but was guided by word and admonition only"; the other, "ignoble and of ignoble breed, a crooked and lumbering animal; the mate of insolence and pride, hardly yielding to whip and spur". This "crooked, lumbering animal", then, is the creature which we, the charioteer, must tame and train. To the extent that we have made this truth our own, instead of entertaining it as a pious platitude, we shall have learned our first lesson in right self-identification.

In the first results of any such attempt, the experience of one is in a certain sense the experience of all, yet it is equally true that each man has his own problem. Let us suppose that "we", in this case, are a business man with a family to support, and that we have hitherto regarded our occupation merely as a means to that end, albeit we have had, as it might be expressed, "quite a kick out of it" in the contest of wits, ingenuity and energy under the keenly competitive conditions of modern business. Facing our newly-made resolution, we now remember having heard it said that we must begin right where we are, and in the circumstances in life in which we are placed. A little reflection now shows the necessity of looking upon our business in a new light. No longer may ambition, desire for reward, or desire for sensation be our dominating motive. Instead, our business must be used (as it was meant to be) as an opportunity

for training. We begin by resolving to rise at a certain hour every morning, and to arrive at our office punctually,—an excellent resolution, if followed by right action. Instead, the very first morning after our laudable resolve, we oversleep, owing to having indulged ourselves by remaining up late the night before to finish a book which interested us. As a result, we hasten through our private devotions and our toilet, are rather cross during breakfast with our family, gulp down our food and rush off to the office. Arriving there late, we find that some important matters which required immediate attention have been undertaken in our absence by an associate. This man, whose methods we habitually find very exasperating, has handled the matter to the best of his ability, but in a way which we know will not further our company's interests. Instead of assuming the responsibility for this ourselves, seeing it rightly as the result of our tardy arrival at the office, we find fault with our associate, have words with him, and finally lose our temper.

So far, the day's experience, in this form or some other, is probably a familiar one to most of us. But let us suppose we are fortunate enough to have a friend, a fellow T.S. member, to whom we can confide, over the lunch table, the trials of the morning. Honest and frank confession often brings its own reward. At any rate, we get a glimpse of the situation through another man's eyes. In this case, we are reminded in the course of the conversation that we should learn through our faults and failures, because they are about all that many of us have through which to learn. It is pointed out to us that our exhibition of self-assertiveness in the events of the morning was a result of our having identified ourselves with the personality, beginning with the self-indulgence of the night before. Grateful for the object lesson, and much encouraged, we tackle our problem with renewed interest.

The next day, we find our task made easier. We have become aware of some of the danger points; we have learned to look down upon our two steeds from the charioteer's position above them; we are acquiring at least a bowing acquaintance with recollection and detachment. Accordingly, we rise at the hour determined upon—having refrained from late hours the night before. We do not hurry through our devotions; we eat our breakfast calmly, and, incidentally, with far better table manners than on the previous morning; we arrive at the office punctually, and the day starts well. But before long, we again become immersed in business, and for a time completely forget our resolution. After a while, we recall a suggestion made by our T.S. friend, that we "recollect ourselves" at least once every hour. We glance at the office clock and see that it stands exactly at noon. With a thought of gratitude to the friend, we take a fresh hold on ourselves. All goes well until our "unruly steed" begins to feel the curb of the rein, and responds by sulking and displaying "insolence and pride", as Plato warned—with the result that soon we catch ourselves indulging in sarcastic remarks. However, by pausing a few seconds before speaking, we are able to prevent further outbreaks of this nature during the remainder of the day.

Assuming that such are the typical results of initial efforts, it seems clear that,

intermittent and unskilled though these may be, they nevertheless prove our power to control and manage the unruly steed of the personality; prove that we *can* make our own the ideal offered in T.S. discussions,—though, for full success, one must concentrate upon the task, as is said in "The Elixir of Life", without a single moment's relaxation. The personality has been in control so long that it will not surrender without a violent struggle. The rider must be more determined than the steed, and we must be prepared to continue the struggle, and to keep on trying, although aware that we shall doubtless fail many times. We have heard it said that the only real failure is to cease trying, and the least experience shows us that we *must not fail;* that the issue, once joined, is one of life or death.

What will provide the motive power to carry us forward? A desire that transcends every other desire of our hearts for the realization of an ideal which we have seen as desirable above everything else in the world. When we have seen that ideal most vividly, and our pulses quicken in eager longing for its attainment, we may be sure that it is our higher nature beckoning to us and showing us the way. We have become able, for the time being, to identify ourselves with the charioteer, and the personality has been transformed into the "noble steed, who needed no touch of the whip, but was guided by word and admonition only". Once we have been lifted out of ourselves, above and beyond the personality with all its self-seeking, desire for personal gratification and reward, we must push forward in obedience to the heavenly vision, as did St. Paul. When our vision of the ideal fades, or is lost sight of altogether, we may be sure that we have allowed the personality to gain the upper hand temporarily by having identified ourselves with it, and have become, for the moment, the "crooked, lumbering animal, the mate of insolence and pride, hardly yielding to whip and spur". By this time, our experience should have taught us that we cannot hope to do battle with the personality on its own plane; we must rise above it. We must keep our attention, our desire and our will *fixed* in contemplation upon our ideal. As that inspiring book, *La Réponse du Seigneur*, warns: "Man, called to ever-increasing greatness, grows smaller and smaller unless he renounces himself."

A Master has said: "He who does the best that he can, and *all* that he can, does enough for us." How many of us begin to meet that test? Yet, those are words of encouragement, because more will not be required of us than we are capable of, no matter how little and insignificant that may be; but we must withhold nothing, and give our *all*. It is the effort and motive that count, and as we strive unceasingly and with ardour and enthusiasm to *become* our ideal, we shall find that as we live up to the light we have seen, we shall gain in wisdom and understanding, and thereby be enabled constantly to purify our motive. Steady, unremitting effort will enable us gradually to loosen the bonds of the personality, strengthened though they have been by past years and incarnations of mastery over us.

H.G.

L'ILE-DE-FRANCE

France, mère des arts, des armes, et des loix.—JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

IF you wish to transplant a tree, you must dig it up very carefully, taking care not to injure the roots. If possible, it is best to take it up with a large quantity of the earth around it. Then, it must be replanted promptly in similar soil and in a similar climate, if it is to grow and flourish. In the Bestiaries of the Middle Ages we are amused to see deer that are part lichens, or strange goats that are plants. In modern scientific works we read about plants that endeavour to perambulate. Man, supposedly, has no roots. He can walk all over the continents and has made himself boats so that he can leave his native habitat of dry land. He can, if he have such bizarre desires, go up into the stratosphere in a balloon, with an oxygen bag on his head. But man, really, is a creature very much like the lichen deer. He is in two kingdoms at the same time. His body can roam about at will, but his roots grow upward, like those of the Ashvatta Tree, into worlds invisible to the physical eye. The higher up his roots go into the spiritual world, the more perfect a man he becomes. Nowadays, men try to assert that they have no roots, no history, no ancestry, no heritage, no race. Plants are watered by rain from heaven, and the same sun and moon shine upon the deodars of the Himalayas and the cedars of the Rockies. Universal powers nourish them. Man's roots are nourished by the universal powers, but that does not mean that they have no specific existence or place. The immediate roots of man are his family, his ancestry, his traditions, his country, his race, and his Master.

In this Dark Age, full of the winds of Internationalism, Pacifism, Proletarianism and other topsy-turvy doctrines, we meditate too seldom upon this aspect of human life. Instead, we think in terms of a kind of Protestantism: one leap, and we can talk directly to God; one denial, and we are detached from past humanity.

I have been thinking of these things because I have been reading a book by Edmond Pilon, called *L'Ile-de-France*, The Isle of France. This province, as you know, is the country surrounding Paris, and is the very heart of France and the cradle of the French Monarchy which was the incarnation of that heart for so long. Edmond Pilon's work, which is one of a series called *Les Beaux Pays*, Beautiful Countries, does not pretend to be anything but a little journey through this province. It is profusely illustrated with excellent photographs of the landscape, of castles, churches and works of art. Perhaps, if one has never been there and does not know "the feel" of the landscape, or does not love its history, one will not find the profound poetry, the deep significance, the spiritual splendour which I have found. Still, I feel sure that anyone who reads the book with attention will realize, intellectually at least, something of its richness and meaning.

This province is called an island because it is surrounded by rivers, the Seine, Marne, Oise and Aisne.

The Government of the *Ile-de-France*, as it survived in its political limits until the Revolution, was larger than the geographers describe it. Besides the *Brie française*, the *Goële* with Danmartin, *France* (Saint-Denis-en-France, Roissy-en-France) and the *Valois* to the limits of the *Laonnois* and of the *Beauvaisis*, it included the *Vexin français*, the *Mantois* (with Mantes), the *Pincerais* (with Poissy), the *Drouais* (with Dreux), the *Yveline* (Saint-Léger-en-Yveline, Rambouillet), the *Hurepoix* (Dourdan, Limours, Longjumeau), and the *Gâtinais*, composed of woods, marshes, heaths, the *Bière* (Chailly-en-Bière), Fontainebleau and its forest, the whole limited, circumscribed, as is fitting for an island, by the blue line of rivers. . . . All this, moreover, not without geological affinities, a related system of waters, a variety of stock and crops complementing each other: in nearly every part there are cereals, but wheat is grown more particularly in Brie and in Hurepoix in the direction of Chartres. There are flocks also in Brie, apples in the Vexin, honey in Gâtinais, vegetables in the Parisis and at Arpajon, grapes at Thomery, grapes at Fontainebleau, at Montreuil, peaches, and, between the two fresh valleys of the Bièvre and the Yvette, strawberries and more strawberries, so many that on certain summer days the air is heavy with a taste of fruit, with a warm, sweet sap, enough to intoxicate the bees.

If you will look at a map of France, you will see what a small section this is, and if you place the whole province on an American state, you will realize in what a little area so much diversity is contained. The great city of Paris is in the *Ile-de-France*, and all these quiet towns and hamlets, these châteaux and woods and little rivers,—all this deep country. But if many of these outlying spots are unknown to tourists, they, nevertheless, have an active life of their own and are beloved of the Muses. We have heard about the scientist who visited a South Sea island to study the snails there. Ravines run down the slopes into the sea, and in each ravine, separated by high ridges from their neighbours, different species of snails have developed. The isolation of the old days produced just such diversity of type and intensity of life in the country districts. Now, when we all use the same mark of toothpaste from Los Angeles to Bangor, and listen on the radio to the same jokes, in Quebec, Kansas, Seattle and New Orleans, is our life really enriched?

Pilon says that by following the roads, those roads which were Roman roads, the highways of Brunehault, *le pavé du Roi*, the King's Highway, "twenty centuries of history rise with the stones from out the ages." He speaks first of those stones which survive from periods which are lost to us in the obscurity of time, of the megalithic monuments, vestiges of the ancient faith of Gaul. There are several of these menhirs and dolmens, great rocks which seem to contain within themselves the secrets of the lost mysteries. They sleep under an enchantment, like Merlin in the forest of Broceliande. What trumpet's blare will awaken them? What magic word cause them to speak, to utter musical sounds like the Vocal Memnon? How well I remember the first picture in my history book! It represented a Gallic warrior. "The Gauls wore breeches and long moustaches. They said they feared nothing save that the sky should fall on their heads." The Romans are represented in Paris by a number of remains, such

as the Arena, and the Baths now part of the Cluny museum. Julian the Apostate lived there. "My dear Lutetia", he called it. There is a street, *la rue Jules César*. Everyone feels that Cæsar has just as much right to a street or more than *le Président Wilson*. Everyone knows about Cæsar and has a connection with him. As for the Middle Ages, there are still great walls and towers and castles which we are going to see as we journey around the country. There are the works of the Renaissance, and all the beauties of the eighteenth century; there are the churches and the ruins of abbeys, there are the gardens.

As for Paris itself, it is the subject of numberless tomes. How could one describe all its beauties and its wealth of historical associations? Upon Montmartre there still exists the crypt of the Martyrs, at the spot where the first apostles of Lutetia, Saint Denis and his companions, Eleuthère and Rustique, were decapitated. This crypt dates from the year 375. There is Notre-Dame de Paris, a little too neatly restored by Viollet-le-Duc, but perfect in its silhouette at all hours of the day and night, against the gamut of blues of the Parisian sky. There is the church of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont with the shrine of the Patron Saint of Paris, St. Geneviève. Candles are always burning before the shrine, for every one knows, even the unbelievers, that St. Geneviève takes an active interest in her city. Upon the wall of the church is a tablet which says that Clovis and his family were buried in the ancient basilica which stood nearby. Clovis! A picture in the history book showed him calling upon Christ at the battle of Tolbiac. There is the vast Louvre with its incalculable treasures and its memories. One sees traced upon the pavement of its court the site of the donjon of Philip Augustus, where the feudatories swore allegiance to the King. One sees the window from which Charles IX witnessed the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. The Salon Carré was the bedroom of Henri III. The Venus de Milo is in Anne of Austria's bathroom. The Pavillon de Marsan is part of the Tuileries. The Princesse de Lamballe and Madame Elisabeth lived there before they were taken to prison. There is the Tomb of Napoleon. There are the houses of all the famous men of France and of Europe. There are the streets where they walked, and not only they, but also the heroes and heroines of fiction. What can one not see! The chair of Dagobert, the Hand of Justice of the Kings of France, the helmet of Bayard, the hat of Napoleon, the slippers of Josephine.

And the Place de la Concorde and—but no. If we do not start at once we shall never get out of Paris. Perhaps we can start by going a very little way to places which were once in the country but are now practically in the city. We can go to Saint-Denis, Saint-Denis-en-France, for this is the province of France. The father of Hugues Capet was Count of Paris, Duke of France and Abbot of Saint-Denis. Pilon says: "Here at Saint-Denis are the starting point and the end: the cradle of the Capetian race and the sepulchre where it rests. . . . It is not possible to comprehend the other monuments, nor to understand anything about the other abbeys, castles, all the other edifices, religious, military or civil of the *Ile-de-France*, if one has not come here first, if one has not touched the foundations and the bases."

The crypt of Saint-Denis was probably the ancient chapel of the Virgin

built in 832, against the great apse of the Martyrium of the Carolingian church which contained the remains of Saint Denis. Dagobert founded the monastery, but it was Suger, the famous minister of Louis le Gros, who built the Gothic church. Suger has always been my favourite of all the ministers of France. A man of great religious devotion, he slept upon the floor of his cell, but he understood the splendours of the arts. The symbolism of the glass windows came from Suger, who was evidently an initiate in the Mysteries of the Master Builders. Saint Bernard, who was an acid soul as regards the arts, disapproved of Suger; but as Emile Mâle points out in his invaluable book on religious art of the twelfth century in France, Bernard's dead body was wrapped in the magnificent Byzantine silks he had despised. At Saint-Denis was kept the Oriflamme, the Battle Standard of France. Some say this banner was made of the cape of Hugues Capet. The Oriflamme was borne against the Germans by Louis VI, it went to the Second Crusade, it floated at Bouvines. In 1914, its reproduction was raised again in commemoration of Bouvines. Here were the funeral monuments of the Kings of France, most of whom were buried in the church. During the Revolution the tombs were opened, and the bones and dust of the rulers and princes were scattered. Napoleon began the restoration of the church, and Viollet-le-Duc continued it under Napoleon III. In 1918 a munitions factory exploded and damaged some of the windows and the façade, but many of the monuments are still intact. It is impossible to name all the kings and queens and princes and princesses who were buried at Saint-Denis. I name at random Dagobert, Pepin, Blanche de Castille, Charles Martel, Philippe le Bel, Charles VI, and Isabeau de Bavière (who had nearly a whole page in the history book to show her high, peaked headdress, the henin), the Constable Duguesclin ("All the women of France will spin for my ransom"), Louis XII and Anne de Bretagne ("Duchesse en sabots"), Francis I, Henri II and Catherine de Medici, and, in the crypt, Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette.

I know of few more desolate spots. Saint-Denis is a very commercial and ugly town. The church is like a museum. The tombs are empty. The forces of materialism, darkness, envy and hate are always trying to cut men off from their inheritance, from the spiritual wisdom they have acquired by past experience, from the examples of their leaders. When possible, they hurl themselves upon those leaders and put them to death. They vent their fury even upon the tombs of past rulers, endeavouring to wipe out every vestige of their existence and influence. And what do they put in their place? The corpse of a Lenin. Hundreds of years of history were preserved within these walls. The Kings were the incarnation of the destinies of the nation, and I think one can say truly that, whatever their faults, they loved France above all.

After Saint-Denis, of course, one thinks of Versailles. There are great men who are builders by nature. They not only build up the state, the morale, the laws, the finances, the army; they build roads and edifices. Suger was such a man, and so was Louis XIV. If Suger, as the Abbot of Cluny said, built for God, Louis XIV built for France. He wanted France to be the greatest nation in Christendom, and he wanted the palace of her King to express her

grandeur. No one, surely, can stand upon the great terrace overlooking the gardens without feeling that he succeeded. Magnificent as is the palace, with its splendours of marble, carving and gilt, the gardens of Versailles are what one remembers first. There are those who find them too formal, too designed, "not natural enough". They fail to see that in them "Nature" has been passed through the alembic of man's consciousness and has been re-created and synthesized. Its laws, its beauties have been stated so clearly, so logically, that they are too simple for the ordinary eye to perceive. Simplicity, which is the ultimate elegance of manners and of the arts, is almost always mistaken for insignificance by the uncultured. The classic is apt to seem formal and unnatural to the undisciplined. If Saint-Denis represents the deep religious faith of France which produced its churches, its ever-growing national life and its unity as a family under its king as under a father, the gardens of Versailles represent French thought, its logic, its clarity, its order. What design! What beauty! One can look down the vast vista of the terraces, down the Tapis Vert, down the Grand Canal to far-off distances. One can watch, entranced, a jet of water like a crystal column rising to the tops of the dark trees that surround the fountain. There is the lovely Grand Trianon whose rose coloured marble arcades seem mirrored in beds of roses and begonias. There is the exquisite Little Trianon, the least deserted of all the palaces; for here one can almost hear light footsteps, and when one enters a room, someone seems to have just left it by the other door.

There are other royal châteaux; Saint-Germain, with its magnificent terrace, its chapel of Saint-Louis, its memories of Henri IV, Louis XIII, of the sad, exiled Stuarts. The Germans destroyed the forest in the Franco-Prussian war, but it has grown up again. To Compiègne, Anne of Austria withdrew during the Fronde. Here Marie-Antoinette was received when she came to France, and after her Marie-Louise. Here Napoleon III gave to Eugénie de Montijo the four-leaved clover, jewelled with dew drops. German shells fell on the Château during the Great War. Jeanne d'Arc went to pray in the old church of Saint-Jacques at Compiègne before she was taken prisoner. The Kings of France were mighty hunters before the Lord. They hunted at Rambouillet, where one goes every May to pick lilies-of-the-valley. They chased the deer and boar at Fontainebleau. At Fontainebleau, too, Napoleon spent those tragic hours when he was betrayed by his Marshals, and here he said farewell to the Old Guard before his exile to Elba.

Houdan, Dourdan, Montlhéry, Montford l'Amaury, Vez, La Roche-Guyon, Pierrefonds, Maintenon, Anet, Chantilly, Vaux-le-Vicomte; their names evoke what memories! Every little, grey village, every farm is rich with associations. One summer when I was staying at the Château de Rozières, we sometimes walked three miles to the railroad to take the train to market at Senlis. We passed by one of those old farms, surrounded by walls like a little citadel. It had a tiny chapel, and, on the outside wall of the chapel was the tombstone of a crusader in full armour, with his sword, his hands joined in prayer.

Nothing sums up more completely or more movingly the centuries of human suffering, effort and faith than the little churches of France. Take Saint-Loup-

de-Naud in Brie. You drive along little country roads between wheat fields bordered with poppies and cornflowers and rosy corncockles. You see the grey tower rising above the cluster of trees. This church is one of the gems of twelfth century architecture. The apse of the building is Romanesque and there remain traces of frescoes. As Alphonse de Chateaubriant says in *La Réponse du Seigneur*, speaking of the little chapel in the woods, there is "a vague odour of saltpeter, of old wax and of old bouquets". The little churches of France are very poor now, but their espousal of Holy Poverty gives them another charm and nobility. At Saint-Loup-de-Naud the porch of the church is in the style of Chartres. In the tympanum is represented Christ in Majesty, surrounded by the four beasts of the evangelists. On either side of the portal are long, elegant personages, the King of Judah, the Queen of Sheba, etc. On the central pillar is Saint-Loup himself, in his bishop's robes, bearing his crozier. The hands have been slightly damaged, but the head, so humane, so benign, is intact. Saint-Loup was a bishop in the seventh century, and episodes of his life are shown in the sculptures of the vaulting. A precious jewel falls from heaven into the chalice as he celebrates the Mass. The devil is shut up in a vase. The great bell of Sens is carved there. Clotaire impiously carried it off to Paris; but Saint-Loup told it not to ring, and it obeyed him and was silent until it was sent back. Clotaire is seen kneeling before the saint, imploring his pardon. Emile Mâle says: "This mixture of puerility and of nobility did not shock anyone then. For the men of this time, nothing is great, nothing is small, for in every thing the presence of God is revealed."

Over the countryside floats the sound of bells. "Recollection, meditation, indrawal of the soul, hope and pardon, that is what the bells say, from huge Marie, the Great Bell of Notre-Dame, to the humble little bells of the churches of Arbonne, of Chailly, or of Barbizon, where Millet took the subject of his Angelus. These bells, do not forget, have sounded the tocsin of alarum, they have called to work, to combat, to prayer; they have calmed the passionate beating of many hearts and poured rest into many consciences."

Who can describe the varied landscape; its blue distances, its little rivers, its plains and heaths, purple with heather? Every inch of its soil is saturated with the love and thought of an immemorial past. Nothing is lost. It is a vast reservoir upon which to draw. It is a treasure of experience which enriches all its children. It is the culture of the race, which every man shares and which extends his consciousness far beyond the limits of his personal life until it can include all of its history. I remember experiencing this myself when I was quite young. I was sitting in a forest, at the edge of a hill overlooking the country around Nanteuil-le-Haudouin. Here Jeanne d'Arc fought a battle, and here the Germans were turned back in the Great War. As I sat there, all the history of France seemed to flow into me from the earth. I saw no visions with my eyes, but I experienced in my own consciousness ancient faiths and desperate battles. I participated in the being of hundreds of years. I remember exclaiming, It is all, all mine!

Now, I do not relate this because it was any proof of merit or an extraordinary

experience. On the contrary, this is the birthright of every Frenchman and of many who were not born in France this time, but who must have been privileged to be born there many times in the past. This is what racial culture means; not something intellectual, not education, not even being able to read and write, but being nourished by the spiritual deposit of faith and heroism, by the rich elements of the racial blood. If men deny this, they repudiate their ancestors. If they try to cut themselves off from the past, of course they cannot escape from its consequences, but they can deprive themselves of its benefits, its wisdom, its strength. If they could see what they would become! Something so denuded, so alone, so puny that their existence would be a matter of seconds! Something so hideous that a mosquito would be lovely compared with them! Westerners laugh at the veneration of ancestors as at a superstition, and, alas, many of their deluded pupils in the East laugh with them. If they realized even a little of what their ancestors have done for them, they would find burning incense before their portraits a very slight symbol of gratitude.

Funck-Brentano, in his superb book on the Middle Ages, describes the building up of the French nation after the confusion of the Dark Ages. During the ninth and tenth centuries, every city in France was destroyed. "Three do not meet two without killing them." The central authority lapsed. Invasion and civil war laid waste the country. Funck-Brentano says: "It was in this anarchy that was accomplished the work of social reconstruction, by the only organized force which remained intact, under the only shelter that nothing can throw down, because it has its foundations in the human heart; the family." This ought to be encouraging to us who live in an age of such confusion, when every institution is falling to pieces,—the family, it would seem, included. If men really studied history, they might profit from its lessons, and, perhaps, avoid the dark age into which we seem to be entering. Thus, the family extended its protection to its dependents; it joined other families; it became a clan. It protected other clans or fought them. Gradually, the clans gathered cell by cell around the centre, the royal family, the King, the father of his people. "The King," says Hugues de Fleury, "is the image of the father." With the sceptre, the Kings of France carried, not the sword, but the Hand of Justice, because they were the incarnations of Justice. "The King treats his subjects and metes out justice to them, as a father to his children." The feudal system, the hierarchical system, is built upon duty and responsibility; the responsibility of the lord to his serf, the duty of the serf to his lord; the duty of the lord to his over-lord, the responsibility of the over-lord to his feudatories; the loyalty of the over-lords to the King, the impartial justice of the King to all his vassals. The King, who sums up and incarnates the spirit of his people, is in turn responsible to his Lord, and his responsibility is his Divine Right. When societies are turned upside down as to-day, rights without responsibility or duty are what people clamour for, as though such a thing could exist.

Now, of course, the French nation is far from perfect, and in the course of its evolution has been full of strife and hate and evil. The barons have fought the Kings and oppressed the people; the Kings have lacked wisdom. The dregs of

the nation rose up in the Revolution and attempted to submerge everything. Some of the dregs are still floating around on the top. Yet, because of the real unity of France, because of the heroism, the devotion, the faith of the past, it is to-day a nation which cannot be destroyed, which, when it is attacked, rises like one man to defend its soil and its inheritance and performs those acts of sublime valour which we saw in the Great War.

This gradual formation of the individual is the same for man and nation. It is only accomplished by loyalty to principle and by union of consciousness. There can be no universality of consciousness by any other process. A thin, rootless internationalism is the exact inversion of this. Certainly, all humanity will share in one spirit some day, but it will be because men have become individual cells in individual nations which, in turn, are united in a spiritual hierarchy. That day is a long way off and cannot be attained simply by flying around the globe in forty-eight hours, or, even, by killing off everybody but the "proletariat". Thus, we see that by performing properly and with love the rites and duties of everyday life, in our families, in our relations with our friends and companions, with our ancestors and with our nation, we arrive at a state of consciousness which includes our spiritual race and lineage. By looking at one little province with all its past and present, we are led beyond its image to the real abode of the soul. Perhaps we do not appreciate these things until we are taken away from them. Is this not the reason for the long exile of the soul, that it may yearn for all it has lost and turn back to its source?

La, est le bien que tout esprit désire,
La, le repos ou tout le monde aspire,
La, est l'amour, la, le plaisir encore.

La, ô mon âme au plus hault ciel guidée!
Tu y pouras recongnoistre l'Idée
De la beauté, qu'en ce monde j'adore.

"There is the good which every heart desires; there is the rest to which the world aspires, there is love, and there is pleasure also.

"There, oh my soul to highest heaven guided! There thou canst recognize the Idea of beauty, which in this world I adore." SAUVAGE.

Once I saw mountains angry,
And ranged in battle-front.
Against them stood a little man;
Aye, he was no bigger than my finger.
I laughed, and spoke to one near me,
"Will he prevail?"
"Surely," replied this other;
"His grandfathers beat them many times."
Then did I see much virtue in grandfathers,—
At least for the little man
Who stood against the mountains.—STEPHEN CRANE.

LIVING PICTURES

RECENTLY I found in an old trunk a forgotten collection of photographs, treasured in my boyhood. Opening the package, first came my likeness at the age of four, standing with a basket of flowers in one hand; on the top of my head a fat curl; on my chubby face a look of happy expectancy, as I watched "for the birdie to come out". I always rather scorned this picture on account of the fat curl. Not so with the next picture, showing me as a boy of twelve in cadet uniform, a soldier! The small rifle, boy's size, is grasped firmly in both hands, bayonet fixed. Most important of all, there is a medal—a solid gold one—conspicuous on my breast. No veteran could be more proud of his decorations than I was of mine, despite certain mean insinuations of jealous rivals to the effect that my father's close friendship with two of the three Judges at the Competitive Drill had had bearing on the award of this coveted prize.

Next a photograph of our baseball nine, of the same period. Nothing formal; just a dozen small boys squinting in the bright sunlight, and displaying as many bats, gloves, masks and other paraphernalia as were available at the moment. True, I was only a substitute, but that did not show in the picture, which at any rate proved conclusively that I was a ball player; destined, no doubt, for larger things later on.

The fourth, an impressive view of myself as a musician, with violin in one hand, bow in the other, the whole given dignity by a painted landscape, apparently the gardens of some chateau, for a background. I fancy I look more musical in this picture than I sounded, but the violin is a difficult instrument, and takes years to master, so what could people expect. Everything has to have a beginning!

Besides other portraits of myself and some of my boy friends, there was a considerable number of snap-shots; dogs and horses, boats and bicycles, and all the centres of interest of boys of that day and age; and also views of favourite places and scenes at home, in the mountains and at the seashore.

As I gazed, musing, at these reminders of years long past, all but forgotten, it seemed to me that they symbolized my own personal consciousness and the typical dynamic images of my mind, at that time of my life. It was such mind pictures, vivified by ambition and desires, which spurred me on to corresponding wishes, intentions and actions. For a boy they were probably the normal thing, resulting in an average kind of boy's life.

Continuing the same line of thought, I remembered how, as time passed, many of these pictures had faded, more or less gradually, from my consciousness, being replaced by or transformed into others, as I myself was transformed physically from boy to youth, from youth to manhood. Changes of surroundings, different occupations and associates had resulted in the abandonment or revision of many once-cherished images. But certain pictures, though modified in detail, long continued as vivid and dynamic as ever. These were mainly of two classes,

those animated by self-love, and those fed by self-indulgence. I must have a good time; I must be admired.

So I passed on mentally to the time in my life when I heard of Theosophy, became interested, and ultimately joined the Society. New pictures were then introduced into my inner gallery; pictures of service and a Cause, of Discipleship, of Chêlaship. With these, many of my older pictures were discordant. I began to sort out and select, rejecting a number of the old ones automatically. But there were certain of them, the largest and most vivid, which proved difficult to dispose of, even though they did seem to clash with the new ones. In some part of my nature I was attached to them; willing perhaps to have them modified or reduced, but not to abandon them utterly. I had put so much into them, for so many years, that they seemed my very self; I identified myself with them.

As I meditated on these things, *Light on the Path* came to mind, and its drastic requirements for those who would be disciples: "Kill out ambition (the first curse); kill out desire of life—desire of comfort—desire for sensation, . . . and then the heart will bleed, and the whole life of the man will seem to be utterly dissolved. This ordeal must be endured. . . ." Surely the destruction of all those once cherished personal pictures would be one aspect of this necessary ordeal; with their complete disappearance or their final rejection, the familiar personal life would seem to be utterly dissolved; one would indeed be sunk in an "abyss of nothingness". But not until one "has learned to dwell in this abyss, and has found its peace, is it possible for the eyes to have become incapable of tears",—the first of the Rules.

How prone we are to compromise and straddle, to postpone. We may at times remember the oft-repeated injunction to keep constantly before our mind's eye our highest ideal for ourselves, and that this positive attitude, instead of a negative one, will itself help greatly to free us from subservience to the wrong ideas and desires. It seems likely that few of us do all that we should in this respect. In any case there are few who do not need to resort to a courageous purging process, to a more complete elimination of old pictures. Should we not review, one by one, all the surviving ideas about ourselves which still minister, subtly perhaps, to our self-satisfaction and self-love, or which keep alive old desires that should be relegated to complete oblivion?

One trouble is our lack of conviction that the process must be thorough, the decision final; that half-way measures will not suffice. We forget that "the snake of self must be not only scotched but killed;—when it is only lulled to sleep it awakes again." How often we have found ourselves in difficulty because we disregarded this truth! Do we not know that as long as we keep these mind images alive, they only await suitable conditions to reflect themselves again in outer actions; to incite us to new folly?

Possibly it would arouse our somnolent wills to remember that our own private collection of "pictures", which we so hate to part from, appears as immature and absurd to our friends, on both outer and inner planes, as our childhood photographs seem to us when we contemplate them, from a somewhat wiser standpoint, thirty or forty years later.

A. Woodby.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE subject of the last "Screen" appears to have interested greatly those of our readers who are members of the Society; many of them wrote to say so, others have written helpful comment,—and the Recorder begs to express his appreciation of their courtesy and kindness. But we have readers all over the world who are not familiar with theosophical literature, who know little or nothing of occult tradition, and for whom, therefore, the subject of Lodge Messengers, except as a general proposition, necessarily is puzzling if not incomprehensible. With this in mind the Recorder was determined, when his friends again met, to begin in any case with the discussion of more mundane topics; so he saved a clipping from a morning paper which he believed would serve as a mental stimulant, if not as an irritant, and which he summarized, for their benefit, as follows:

"A news despatch from Washington announces that Mr. Hopkins, Relief Administrator, wishes to set up a Federal Work Relief Corporation with an appropriation of from eight to nine billion dollars of taxpayers' money, to provide the unemployed with homes, and with land and tools to enable them 'to raise part of their own produce'. The despatch says in explanation: 'Convinced that industry cannot yet take up the slack of unemployment, and that the government must, therefore, make work, Mr. Hopkins in his programme calls for a permanent civil works administration.'

"'Industry cannot take up the slack of unemployment'; this means that there are too many men and not enough jobs: America, in other words, is over-populated. How did this happen? It is clearly part of our function, as students of Theosophy, to try to discover the cause of the world's present maladies, our national maladies included. There can be no real cure until the cause is removed. Palliatives have their place in every right system of medication, but a palliative is not a cure, and when a doctor, confronted with an ulcer, prescribes a palliative the ultimate effect of which is likely to destroy his patient's heart, 'liver and lights', my own choice, if I were the patient, would be to die a natural death. However; I return to my question: how has it come about that America is over-populated?" And the Recorder turned to Historian No. I.

"My answer is,—through greed", was the response. "As a nation we are suffering the consequences of greed piled on greed; we are reaping what we have sown. Karma, the universal law of cause and effect, is a fact, not a theory: to-day we are experiencing the Karma of our past.

"Other nations likewise are victims of their greed; we do not stand alone. But this was an undeveloped and potentially very rich country, so that the temptation to get rich quick was unusually great, and Americans of every epoch jumped at it. What say you?" This was addressed to Historian No. II, who

looked as if he were mentally collecting the ingredients of a bomb-shell, and whose answer to the question fully justified the inference.

"We must remember, in the first place," he said, "that while many early settlers came here in the hope of securing religious freedom, others, and probably a majority, left their homes in Europe for reasons entirely mercenary. Nor is this surprising, since the facts of history, not ordinarily presented, show that it is the result of centuries of encouragement.

"When America was discovered and pre-empted for Spain and Portugal by the Papal Bulls of 1493, the English people, socially and economically, were in a dreadful state of distress. Seeing the possibility of relieving conditions by a western migration, Sir Thomas More put forth his *Utopia* which, when carefully examined, appears as the foremost economic treatise of the sixteenth century. Here in the 'Golden West' or the so-called 'New World', the impoverished masses of England might find unlimited opportunities to acquire easy wealth. Nor could the execution of More, the leader of English imperialism, divert the thoughts of the English people from America, any more than the excommunication of Luther and Henry VIII could put an end to the Protestant Reformation. During the next few decades, *Utopia* was not only published again and again in England, but in every country of northern Europe. The massacre of Coligny's colonists in Brazil and Florida in no way stemmed the tide. Following the reaction of Mary and Edward VI, Elizabeth was compelled to legitimize piracy as the only means of upbuilding the sea power of England. Soon the old sheep-growing gentry of England, reinforced by the Dutch, were threatening Philip's domain of the sea. With a new 'easy wealth' pouring into England from the Spanish Main, at last Elizabeth was compelled, in 1578, to choose between granting the demands of her seamen and open revolt by the imperialists. They had promised her an empire of gold. The lure was irresistible. The charters to Gilbert and Raleigh followed.

"The Armada, and the massacre of Raleigh's first colony, merely delayed the seizure of Virginia. Before the death of Elizabeth, Raleigh had further inflamed the popular imagination with his *Travels in Guiana*. Thoughts of the western El Dorado were in every English mind. It was useless for Roman influences to try to turn the tide of English imperialism to the East. Hakluyt's *Discourse on Western Planting*, passing through numerous editions, but magnified the glories of *Utopia*. In vain Raleigh was imprisoned by James I upon the demand of Philip and the Medici. America had been thoroughly prospected by Cabot, Gilbert, Drake, Raleigh, Hawkins, Grenville, Cavendish, Frobisher, Baffin and Davis. In 1605, aided by Bacon, Drayton, Jonson and Shakespeare, the English imperialists were staging plays in London, depicting the El Dorado of the West. Indians were being paraded through the streets to prove their friendliness. At last the charter of 1606 was extracted from the reluctant King for the two great joint stock companies that had promised the English masses fabulous profits. The first task assigned the founders of Jamestown was to find the gold which the Spaniards and French had been monopolizing. The whole English nation thought of gold, talked of gold, dreamed of gold. When

Newport, Smith, Delaware and Dale failed to find it in the South, Smith was sent to seek it in New England. In 1614 appeared his amazing picture of the wealth to be had there. During the next two decades the great Puritan migration set in. Moral considerations had completely broken down. Even the preachers from their pulpits invoked the sanction of the Old Testament for the revel of rapine and murder which followed in the name of God. It was the story of the promised land, all over again. God had commanded them, they were told, to seize what the heathen had to yield.

"The story of what followed has often been told. Following vain attempts to enslave the Red Race after the manner of the early Spaniards, the Anglo-Americans resorted to every known form of violence and debauchery. In vain the native leaders pleaded for justice. This practice continued even after the present Constitution was adopted, in spite of the fact that the tribes had been given the legal status of wards of the nation. Thus, while a hostile shot has never been fired against the tribes of Canada by the British Government, there have been fifty-five official wars waged against the tribes of the United States. In her *Century of Dishonor*, Helen Hunt Jackson drew an appalling indictment against the American people. Only three instances of wholesale governmental robbery and murder need be mentioned to support the consensus of opinion among historians that the martyrdom of the Red Race by the American people is without parallel. When, early in the last century, gold was discovered in Georgia and the Gulf States, the five so-called Civilized Tribes, including the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles, were occupying the Gulf States, under formal treaties of peace and amity with the United States. They had fought under the American flag against Great Britain in 1812. They were peaceful agriculturists. Congress compelled them to enter into new treaties providing for their removal to the trans-Mississippi desert, where they were allotted the Indian Territory, to be theirs for ever, administered by governments of their own creation. During the process of removal by the Army, over half of the seventy thousand emigrants perished from starvation and hardship. Within fifty years, oil was discovered, and the Indian territory was soon abolished. To-day, half the land is in possession of the whites, and the inordinate wealth acquired by a score or more of Indian individuals is cited as evidence of the liberality shown those of the five Civilized Tribes who managed, despite their transportation, to survive.

"When gold was discovered in California, in 1849, there were over two hundred and fifty thousand Indians on the Pacific Coast, occupying the immemorial domains to which their right had been recognized by both the Spanish and Mexican governments. Most of them had been Christianized by the Franciscans, and with few exceptions were agriculturists or stock raisers. None of them had been on the war path for over half a century. Within two years, less than seventeen thousand remained, the survivors being confined to small reservations in the desert. To-day, they are less civilized than they were in 1849.

"In 1857, the Sioux agreed by formal treaty to abandon Minnesota, and to accept a definite domain along the Missouri in exchange for their ancient hold-

ings. Within twenty years, gold was discovered in the Black Hills. Thereupon, numerous armies were employed to drive the Sioux from their lands and confine them within their present reservations.

"Although the five Civilized Tribes of Oklahoma, the eighteen tribes of California, and the Sioux, have each in turn resorted to the Supreme Court of the United States for redress, so far they have never been compensated for the land taken from them, or even been paid what was promised them under the formal treaties violated by the Government.

"In these circumstances, it is not unnatural that the late Lord Bryce in his *American Commonwealth*, like Lyman Abbott and Carl Schurz before him, should have branded the Indian system of the United States as unconscionable, adding that apparently the only solution of the Indian problem of which the American people could conceive was the complete destruction of the race.

"The smug explanation of what befell the Red Race in the past is that it was inevitable, that it was beyond the power of any Government to save hostile savages who, unamenable to civilization, stood in the path of its advance. In a recent work, *The Red Man in the New World Drama* (1931), Colonel Jennings C. Wise has presented the politico-economic history of the Red Race for the first time, and shown conclusively that there is no foundation for the view mentioned. The truth is, according to the ethnologists, the American Indians were the most peaceful race by nature known to history. In fact, there is no instance in which a tribe resorted to the war path against the whites until every reasonable effort had been made to render this unnecessary. The Indians were a 'Stone Age' people, to be sure—retrograde, not advancing—but their history shows that they were anxious and willing to adopt the ways of European civilization, and that their generosity alone made possible the colonization of both Virginia and New England. Over and over, they saved the white settlers from their own stupidity. The only difference between the Indian system to-day and during the past century, as shown by the present Congressional investigation into Indian affairs, is that a destructive governmental system, characterized by Lyman Abbott as a 'Russian bureaucracy', which consumes most of the tribal revenues, and which is subservient to local interests, has succeeded to the old reign of murder and pillage. It is an unwritten law in Congress that the conduct of Indian affairs shall be left to the dictation of western congressmen. No eastern congressman would dare interfere, lest he be penalized in the matter of his own interests by the western group.

"To-day, the Indian trust funds yield the beneficiaries less than three quarters of one per cent in revenue, and the expenditure of this income is completely under the control of the governmental bureaucracy. How it is expended is illustrated by the case of the Navajo. These people were peaceful agriculturists, occupying the rich valley of the Rio Grande. Under the compulsion of the whites and the threat of certain destruction, they accepted, in lieu of their ancient holdings, a desert domain in New Mexico, where at least they might be free for a while from violence. Under the treaty of removal, they required that part of this domain be sold, and the proceeds invested in an educational fund for

their benefit. Education was the last thing the local interests wanted the Indian to have. Therefore the schools built with this fund were placed at the edges of the Navajo domain, at an average distance of forty miles from the centres of Indian population, and open to the whites at the expense of the Indians. As time went on, despite the fact that the Government failed to extend to these people the advantages of education, they developed the sheep-growing industry through which they managed to survive. Every effort is now being made by the local whites to gain control of their domain. The current Congressional investigation shows that only recently part of the Navajo educational fund was employed to carry out a vast highway and bridge construction project for the benefit of the whites. The Governor of New Mexico testified before Congress that a certain bridge, costing over two hundred thousand dollars, and connecting a tourist hotel with the highway system, would not be used by a dozen Indians in a year. While such things as this were taking place, the National Red Cross was compelled to come to the relief of these people as well as the other tribal groups who were being ground out of existence by the governmental system. In contrast with all this, the British Government utilizes its military forces to protect the natives of Canada and South Africa who, with such protection, are able to prosper, and require little aid from the Red Cross. Knowing the facts, the present Indian Commissioner, Mr. John Collier, with truly humanitarian instincts, is making a desperate effort to compel Congress to amend its methods. The indications are, however, that he will meet with little success, and that nothing will save the remaining Indians—about two hundred and fifty thousand, including mixed breeds—from complete destruction at the hands of the American people, whose will is but reflected by the governmental system. West of the Mississippi River the common idea, though not as freely admitted as in the past, still is that 'a good Indian is a dead Indian'.

"The opportunities open to the Anglo-Americans during three centuries for the pillage of the helpless Red Race were not the only influences which tended to promote a greed for 'easy' wealth. Just a century after the appearance of the Pilgrims in New England, Law's great South Sea scheme of speculation was launched in England, Scotland and France. To be sure, the South American and Louisiana bubbles burst in 1720, but already the Scotch-Irish had begun to pour across the Atlantic. Hating the English, determined to be free, through the seaboard settlements they passed to the frontier. Soon from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf extended the urgent civilization which they founded along the ever-receding frontier. Again in the pulpits preachers taught that the 'creatures called Indians' had no more rights than the buffalo. These white settlers had come to America in quest of new homes and of those opportunities which the seemingly unlimited wealth of the West offered them. Efforts to restrain them by imperial laws, to tax them in the common interest, to deny them free access to El Dorado, led to the Revolution. Once they had achieved independence, the old revel started all over again with the opening up of the Northwest Territory and Louisiana. Before long the industrial revolution, and the opening of the world market to American commerce by the War of 1812, created a demand for

the American staple,—cotton. In this situation the cry for cotton was added to that for gold. Now, despite the earnest efforts which Washington, Jefferson and others had made to abolish the unprofitable and injurious institution of slavery, the increasing demand for cheap labour entrenched slavery more firmly than before, so that while it was being abolished voluntarily in other countries, American commercial interests appealed to the Old Testament for its sanction. Only a bitter fratricidal strife sufficed to end the traffic in human flesh.

"Coincident with all this came the discovery of gold in the West in seemingly unlimited quantities. At last El Dorado had been found! Again Europe was crazed. A new, unprecedented and unrestrained migration set in. Uncounted thousands came without capital to find the 'easy wealth' America afforded. Those in the East, also without capital, who were displaced by this cheap labour, pressed westward. For a time, railroad and city building absorbed them. Soon however, Populism, Bryanism, Socialism, Communism and anarchy raised their heads. The ills of middle age were appearing, though there was still an economic frontier to absorb many of the surplus hands. Then the Spanish-American War and a programme of imperialism intervened. This allayed momentarily the growing unrest which, however, had again become acute even before the World War involved the whole of mankind in economic disaster.

"In America, at first, an artificial prosperity induced by the demands of Europe ensued. Meantime several centuries of economic profligacy had had their effect. A nation cannot prosper inordinately, as the American people had done, at the expense of two races inferior in the capacity of self-protection, without paying a penalty. The American people had grown morally weak under the influence of centuries of 'easy' wealth. In comparison, the 'South Sea Bubble' was as nothing to the gambling which culminated in 1929. It is useless to blame crooked bankers and brokers for this. Like the tax-evaders and gangsters, they were but the outward expression of the system which had been developed through many years.

"When, inevitably, the last bubble burst as the result of a worldwide economic deflation induced by the calamity of the Great War, several factors added to the distress of the United States. For the first time in its history there was no economic frontier to absorb surplus hands. Not only this, but women, determined to share in the fruits of an artificial prosperity, gradually had invaded the field of employment. Consequently, when deflation came, there were not only fewer jobs, but a vastly increased number of persons demanding them. So the problem of unemployment was magnified. Finally, the industrial section of the country, through the medium of the existing income tax, was called upon to meet in disproportionate measure the cost of relief, since that section contributes the larger portion of Federal revenue. Therefore, capital found itself not only overburdened, but alarmed by threats of new levies, just at the time when confidence on its part was essential to insure the economic readjustment necessary to the general welfare.

"The truth is, of course, that the bounding, reckless days of America's youth had passed for ever, and those who promise to restore it are but deceiving the

country. The real problem is to readjust our system to the needs of maturity. This being so, what we need is less legislative experimentation with economic makeshifts, and more willingness to face the facts of our situation. There must be a moral as well as a financial accounting. Without this we must flounder on to self-destruction."

"Might it not be inferred from what you have said", asked one of our visitors, "that Malthusianism supplies the best way out?"

"Why yes, that might be inferred", Historian No. I replied dryly,—"just as it might be inferred that our paternal government, in the circumstances, should painlessly poison some thirty per cent or so of our population, excluding, of course, all who belong to Labour Unions and have paid their dues. Personally I see very little difference, as to ultimate Karmic effect, between the one method and the other,—between wholesale poison and race suicide."

One of our number, who is of English birth, now turned to the Recorder and remarked rather grimly: "Kindly explain, if you use in the 'Screen' what has been said about the treatment of the American Indians, that Historian No. II is one of the most genuine of American antiques, and that *I* am innocent!"

We were greatly amused, but the Recorder promised.

Someone then asked if the American Indian, as a fighter, had not proved himself both treacherous and horribly cruel.

"It would be a mistake", was the reply, "to speak of Indians in the lump. The tribes differed greatly, both in origin and in their customs. Some were cruel, some were not; but the worst of them were not more cruel than the Arabs of Morocco in recent wars against the French—the Arabs always tortured their prisoners to death—and at the time of the early Indian wars on this continent, it is only fair to remember that the so-called civilized races of Europe were barbarous in their treatment of prisoners, as they were in their judicial punishments. People were burned alive for expressing unpopular opinions. Always in the name of God,—three thousand persons were burned as 'heretics' by the Inquisition in Andalusia in 1481; some five hundred 'witches' were burned in Geneva, in three months, in 1515; nine hundred were burned in Lorraine between 1580 and 1595; Calvin burned Servetus in 1553—always in the name of God. Even to-day mobs of white men can be diabolically cruel, although, thank heaven, judicial punishments, in the more civilized countries, have become more humane. . . . It should be remembered also that the American Indians, savage as they often were, acted under terrible provocation."

There was a pause. The Recorder then said that he had another question, sent to the editors by a member in Germany who had asked if it might be discussed in the "Screen": "What is the difference between true and false humility?"

It was the Engineer who volunteered, not to answer the question, but to obtain answers from others. "Your conundrum," he said, "was solved long ago by Teresa of Avila, that most practical of saints, and, if you like, I will look up what she wrote on the subject, while the Philosopher explains the Theosophical principle underlying her replies." Whereupon the Engineer disappeared toward the library.

The Philosopher, thus designated, made this reply: "The Theosophical basis for humility, as I understand it, is the realization that our personalities are only the larvæ, as it were, of the human beings into which we may develop. As yet we are not even fledgelings, not even ugly ducklings. Masters alone have reached the human kingdom. Realization of this truth would make it impossible for the personality to think itself superior or adequate or wise. One larva may be wormier than another, or a shade less squirmy; but there is not much to brag about in that, especially if we look up to the *imago*, the fourth or perfect state, to which someday we may possibly attain. Like all else in nature, we are divine in essence; but there is a vast gulf between potential and actual attainment, and much of the trouble in the world to-day is due to larvæ having the 'big head',— mistaking themselves for the finished product. It is nothing new, of course; history is full of it. The wiser among us recognize and accept our limitations, and are thankful for all the light and guidance we can get from those who are really human—from those who can see where we are blind, can hear where we are deaf, can understand where we are full of vain imaginings,— Masters of wisdom, Lords of compassion, who, having passed long since through the larva stage, have reached 'the terrace of enlightenment'. They are always willing to guide those who honestly and without reserve desire their guidance, while if, like most half-wits, we prefer to pick and choose—obeying in one direction and not in another—we can dig such guidance as we want from the sacred books with which Masters have provided us.

"Christ, like all Avatars, was 'the first-born of many brethren'; but we are not obliged to think ourselves his equals—yet!"

"Really", exclaimed one of our visitors, "only a lunatic could do that!"

"You are mistaken", the Philosopher replied; "that is, unless you include among lunatics the multitude of those who think we know more to-day than the greatest and wisest of the ancient world. Let me give you a case in point: I am reading a book on Mesmer, by a Miss Margaret Goldsmith. It is an interesting book in many ways, and presents a much more attractive portrait of Mesmer as a man than anything I have previously read about him. The author, however, is modern, is highly educated, and almost inevitably accepts the latest in western Psychology as the last word in human understanding. Consequently, she rather pities Mesmer for his lack of opportunity and extends the same kindly indulgence to Jesus of Nazareth and his 'miracles', not blaming him at all for his errors and limitations, seeing that he was born before modern psychology had explained things. She is, indeed, quite good natured about it, remarking that although, like other groping ancients, 'he believed that diseases were cured by the intervention of a supernatural agency, his cures were a step in the direction of modern psychotherapy.'"

The Student exploded with laughter. "That is delightful", he said. "Such conceit, and so totally unaware of it! So thoroughly typical of the pseudo-scientific approach! You did not say so, but doubtless she used those blessed words 'suggestion' and 'auto-suggestion' as sufficient explanation of all the wonders he performed ["She did", interjected the Philosopher]; and it never

occurred to her that her words explain nothing, any more than it occurred to her that Christ may have understood many things, even about the cure of disease, of which she knows nothing. Best of all, though, is the concession that 'his cures were a step in the direction of modern psychotherapy': I shall not forget that in a hurry; it is worthy of the Brain Trust".

"How can a larva, which does not know it is a larva—that is to say, which refuses to recognize entities more highly evolved than itself—how can it fail to reduce the universe and everything in it to terms of its own larvaship? Wisdom, unless based upon humility, is impossible. . . . But here comes the Engineer, prepared, I hope, to tell us what St. Teresa the elder had to say in answer to our question: 'what is the difference between true and false humility?' "

"She said a good deal", the Engineer responded. "It was evidently a live question among the novices and nuns of her convents, and her answers, as you will see, were aimed at the weaknesses with which her long experience, both of herself and others, had made her familiar. It is possible, of course, that her language would strike unlettered people as quaint, but students of Theosophy in any case, trained to read all religious experience in terms of the spirit rather than of the letter, will not find this an obstacle.

"In her Autobiography, chapter xxx, she says:

> [That false humility is the work of Satan] is clear from the restlessness and discomfort with which it begins, and the trouble it causes in the soul while it lasts; from the obscurity and distress, the aridity and indisposition for prayer and for every good work, which it produces. It seems to stifle the soul and trammel the body, so as to make them good for nothing.
>
> Now, though the soul acknowledges itself to be miserable, and though it is painful to us to see ourselves as we are, and though we have most deep convictions of our own wickedness,—deep as those spoken of just now, and really felt,—yet true humility is not attended with trouble; it does not disturb the soul; it causes neither obscurity nor aridity: on the contrary, it consoles. It is altogether different, bringing with it calm, sweetness, and light. It is no doubt painful; but, on the other hand, it is consoling, because we see how great is the mercy of our Lord in allowing the soul to have that pain, and how well the soul is occupied. On the one hand, the soul grieves over its offences against God; on the other, His compassion makes it glad. It has light which makes it ashamed of itself; and it gives thanks to His Majesty, who has borne with it so long. That other humility, which is the work of Satan, furnishes no light for any good work.

"Then, on page 51 of her *Interior Castle*, I find:

> It is very injurious never to raise our minds above the mire of our own faults . . . . while we are continually absorbed in contemplating the weakness of our earthly nature, the springs of our actions will never flow free from the mire of timid, weak and cowardly thoughts, such as: 'I wonder whether people are noticing me or not! If I follow this course, will harm come to me? Dare I begin this work? Would it not be presumptuous? Is it right for anyone as faulty as myself to speak on sublime spiritual subjects? Will not people think too well of me, if I make myself singular? Extremes are bad, even in virtue; sinful as I am, I shall only fall the lower. . . .' Alas, my daughters, what loss the devil must have caused to many a soul by such thoughts as these! It thinks such ideas and many others of the same sort I could mention, arise from humility. This

comes from not understanding our own nature; self-knowledge becomes so warped that, unless we take our thoughts off ourselves, I am not surprised that these and many worse fears should threaten us. Therefore I maintain, my daughters, that we should fix our eyes on Christ our only good, and on His saints; there we shall learn true humility, and our minds will be ennobled, so that self-knowledge will not make us base and cowardly.

"Finally (so far as I am concerned) she says in chapter XXXIX of her *Way of Perfection:*

Beware, daughters, of a certain kind of humility suggested by the devil which is accompanied by great anxiety about the gravity of our past sins. . . . Everything such a person says seems to her on the verge of evil, and all her actions appear fruitless, however good in themselves. She becomes discouraged, thinking that she can do nothing right, for what is good in others she fancies is wrong in herself. . . . At one time it may be humility and a virtue to think ourselves thus sinful, and at another time it is a most dangerous temptation. I know this, for I have passed through this state myself. However deep humility may be, it neither disquiets, wearies nor disturbs the soul, but is peaceful, sweet and serene. Although the sight of our wickedness grieves us and proves to us that we deserve to be in hell and that in justice all mankind should hate us, so that we hardly dare to beg for mercy, yet if it is a right humility this pain is accompanied by suavity, content, and joy, and we do not wish to be without it, indeed, it ought to be prize**d** since it results in self-knowledge. It dilates, instead of troubling or depressing the soul, making it more capable of serving God. The other sorrow which distresses the mind renders it uneasy, completely subverting it and causing great pain, so that there is no possibility of calming the thoughts. You may feel certain that this is a temptation and not humility, with which it has no connection. I believe that this is a plot of the devil to make us think we are lowly, and at the same time to lead us to distrust God.

"Once more", concluded the Engineer, "the test is: By their fruits ye shall know them. If humility, so-called, tends to fix attention upon self, it is of the devil; on the other hand, if we have a vivid sense of our *personal* unimportance, with a great desire to serve our Master and to fit ourselves for his service, we shall, I think, be on the right track."

"Yes", added the Ancient, "and more than that; for if the desire to serve be real, we shall set to work—and it will be hard work at first, until love makes it easy—to give that Lord of Life the utmost of our interest and attention. This, before long, will lead to a desire to use all our faculties and senses (by no means forgetting our senses) as he would wish, as his instruments, for his purposes, instead of for our selfish gratification. People used to ask Judge, as they asked H.P.B., about occultism, about the acquirement of 'powers'; and always the answer was the same: get rid of selfishness, make your heart pure, and a Master could and would teach you occultism in three months; but no Master of the White Lodge (only of the Black) would help you to acquire any occult power, little or big, until that necessary preparation has been completed: and humility is its foundation."

Said the Student: "I doubt if many people will understand the 'why' of what you have just given as the statement of H.P.B. and Judge."

"Yet the reason is obvious enough. If men use such powers as they already possess—their mental powers, their sight, hearing and all else—for selfish ends,

they would certainly use greater powers in the same way, to the injury of others as well as to their own undoing. Further, until selfishness has been left behind and the personal nature has been dominated, any occult power acquired would be psychic, not spiritual (for spiritual power can be exercised only from the spiritual plane) and no Master of the White Lodge would permit that. On the other hand, there are countless 'gurus' and 'yogis' in India and elsewhere, who possess occult powers of a psychic nature, and who are willing to impart their knowledge to others whose moral preparation is at best superficial, and is sometimes a minus quantity. This of course proves conclusively not only that the attainments of such teachers are psychic, but that, instead of belonging to the White Lodge, they have one if not both feet in the Lodge of 'the Brothers of the Shadow'. In the past, many students of Theosophy, particularly those who have visited the Orient, have been misled—always through lack of humility, always through thinking themselves 'ready'; while others, alas, have *not* been misled, but have wanted 'powers' right or wrong, convinced at first, perhaps, that they would be quite well able to decide for themselves when and how it would be proper to use them. Invariably, in all these cases, the result has been disastrous. Annie Besant went that way,—although, poor thing, she never got what she wanted, the only 'power' she ever acquired being the ability to make herself receptive to the suggestions and mental projections of men like Leadbeater, deliberately lending herself to this for love of power. She was monstrously vain."

"What", someone asked, "do you suppose is the motive that leads the gurus and yogis of whom you were speaking, to impart their knowledge to others? Is it money? Are they paid for it?"

"Comparatively few of them accept money, though many accept presents. You must remember that nearly all of them believe sincerely in themselves, imagining they are great lights, and that their psychic experience is next to the last word in spirituality. Vain-glory is the ordinary motive. One of the most childishly vain men I have ever encountered was a widely renowned yogi who lived in Benares, next to a shrine erected to himself, with a photograph of himself as its chief decoration. He beamed with delight as he exhibited it. Thousands of Hindus worshipped him as a god, chiefly, so far as I could discover, because he wore no clothes. But he, I believe, was entirely harmless, while some of them are forcefully, aggressively bad."

"Still another question", the Recorder now said. "It was addressed to our 'Question and Answer' department, but I purloined it, as I thought it would suit the Student. I will read it to you:—'The scathing denunciation of Protestantism in the closing paragraph of "Notes and Comments" for July includes among the "*unnatural* doctrines" which it condemns, internationalism. The official statement which follows the title page of every issue of the QUARTERLY declares that: "The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour". Why then the condemnation of the international point of view, or is the word internationalism here used with some narrow cant or technical significance not obvious?'

"What is your comment?"

The Student instantly responded. "I am a Protestant", he said, "and Protestantism was rightly denounced in 'Notes and Comments' for its infidelities. In the past, the two institutions which have worked hardest for internationalism, usually by underground means, are the Church of Rome and Latin (Godless) Freemasonry. Protestantism denies its own principles when it imitates either of them. The Church of England is a national Church. Its equivalent here is 'The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America'—its official title. Rome wants to govern the whole world; so does Latin Freemasonry. Protestantism, properly understood, has no such ambition: it wants Christ to govern the nations,—a totally different aim. The Protestantism denounced in 'Notes and Comments' is the *false* Protestantism which, as was there said, 'has become one of the subversive influences in the modern state,—an ally, a despised ally, of the communists and socialists, and an agency for the dissemination of unnatural doctrines—pacifism, internationalism, class warfare and the "redistribution of wealth", birth-control, etc., etc.'

"But that is not your questioner's main point. He quotes the principal aim and object of the T.S., and infers that it upholds internationalism as an ideal. It does not. He has overlooked the significance of 'the nucleus'. I am not a biologist, but if he will consult any encyclopædia he will learn that a nucleus is separated from the surrounding cell substance by a membrane; that it differs markedly from that substance, and that it is the nucleus, and only the nucleus, which gives the cell continued existence. It is the chief purpose of the T.S. to discover among mankind, 'without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour', those few men and women who are born 'nuclear' by nature, or who have the capacity to become so. If you will wait just a moment, I will look up 'Cell' in the Recorder's encyclopædia. . . . Here it is, and this, among other things, is what it says about the nucleus: it is composed of two different elements, one of which 'is handed on from generation to generation', and 'contains a large amount of a phosphorus-containing substance called nuclein'. 'Within the nucleus there are often bodies called nucleoli . . . whose nature and function are not well known.' We need Dr. Torrey to enlighten us. But there are analogies: we might learn a great deal from analogies in this case.

"The 'international point of view' has come to mean that all men are alike; and they are not. They are no more alike than horses are like rabbits. It has come to mean that all men are equal; and they are not: no two men on the face of the earth are equal in any sense and never will be. Infinite variety is the characteristic of Nature; only man, in his depravity, is capable of turning out a standardized product.

"A mother, with an 'international point of view', allows her children to play in the street with all the little toughs of the neighbourhood. Another mother, with a national point of view (or what corresponds to it) selects companions for her children with the utmost care and discrimination,—and then watches them. Which has the higher ideals? Which, of the two, is the more 'brotherly'?

"The Y. M. C. A. would have us love all men equally—Germans, Irish,

French, Russians, Americans, Chinamen, what not. That is not an ideal; it is a nightmare. Some men are bad, some good, some noble; the badness in bad men ought to be hated; the nobility in others ought to be loved and revered; the goodness in some others, endured."

This delighted the Philosopher who, feeling that the Student had "got going", and afraid that the subject might be changed prematurely, asked him what he had meant when speaking of men and women who are born "nuclear", or who have the capacity to become so.

"All sorts of things", the Student answered. "In the first place they must be able to laugh at themselves, for otherwise they will never be admitted into the kingdom of heaven, the denizens of which cannot tolerate bores. In the second place, they must have open minds and open hearts: they must be open to the truth regardless of its source, and they must be eager to share it with others. They should be passionate but controlled; enthusiastic but not effervescent; wise but not pedantic; so highly educated that they begin to see the extent of their ignorance; ready to die without a moment's hesitation for everything worth while."

"Stop!" said the Engineer. "What are you doing? Telling us what ought to be the character of T.S. members if they are to become an integral part of the nucleus? If so, I resign!"

"If I thought you meant it", the Student retorted, "my reply would be,—the sooner the better. I said: 'who have the capacity to become so'. Do you deny your capacity?"

"I'm in no mood to deny anything: go ahead."

"To deny your capacity would be to claim a knowledge both of yourself and of God which, my friend, you do not possess. I am dogmatic; but I am on sure ground, because a man who has any real knowledge either of himself or of God, knows that his capacity is infinite. A woman with her child, a man in battle, a writer with his pen—when love inspires them—can keep going not only well but better and better, though they started from absolute exhaustion. To confront the impossible and conquer it, is the first step toward manhood."

"The *first* step!" exclaimed one of our visitors.

"Yes, the first step. We shall not be *men*, until that conquest has become a habit. Masters became Masters in just that way. As *personalities* we are vile worms and all the rest of it; if we did not start from there, we could never attain to divinity. A member of the T.S. may start from anywhere; to become part of the nucleus, however, he must be prepared to butt his head against the first 'impossible' he encounters, with fell determination to come out on the other side."

"All of which is distinctly cognate to a letter I received on the subject we discussed in the last 'Screen'," said the Recorder. "There are other letters, which I shall reserve for our next meeting, as they require more discussion than we could include in this issue. But the first and most significant paragraph of this letter, you have, in a way, already answered. Here it is"—and he read as follows:

"I hope and request that more be said concerning the Lodge Messenger in

the next 'Screen'. I have heard indirectly that some people have interpreted what was said in October in the most pessimistic terms, virtually assuming or seeming to assume that the future for the T.S. and its members is so hopeless that nothing can be done about it. . . ."

"You will remember", the Student commented, "the opinion expressed in the last of the letters printed in the October 'Screen',—that 'the material that fills the T.S. is for the most part soft'. What you have just read to us, suggests that *some* of the material is *so* soft, that if you needed to lean on it, you would be leaning on a moan, an ectoplasmic moan, and nothing else. Discouraged! *Dis*, I believe, means 'not', and *courage* means 'courage.' If that were all we had, we *should* be in a mess!"

"I have not seen any letters expressing pessimism or discouragement", said the Recorder, "although that proves nothing: people do not write that sort of thing as a rule,—not to the QUARTERLY; and, as I have produced the worst, it is only fair to read you two brief and far more typical comments on our October discussion, one received from Venezuela, the other from an old member who lives in Dorchester, Massachusetts. The first writes: 'To me personally, the October "Screen" has been a direct, vibrant call to preparation for service and to self-examination'. The second writes: 'The opinions recorded are bound to revive the drooping spirits of any of our members who in any way may be apprehensive as to the future of the T.S.' How is that for an old war-horse! It is *battle* that *they* scent from afar and quiver to take part in; long ago they learned to leave results to the Lord."

The Philosopher was amused. "It seems to have stirred things up in any case", he said, "and anything is better than to think that if we just toddle along we shall get there."

The Ancient, so far, had remained silent. Now he said with some finality: "What the Student said about the 'nucleus' is comment enough. No man is conquered until he thinks he is conquered, and when he knows he is fighting on the side of the angels, to think he is conquered is treachery." T.

A diamond demands to be cut, a block of marble needs to be carved. Man tries to do this to himself. . . . Alas! scarcely ever has he the courage to strike hard enough. God, to help him in the work of his perfection, sends him suffering. This completes the hallowing of souls, and is why the most saintly are the most tried.—IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA.

Watch yourself for self-pity. The man who feels sorry for himself has morally turned up his toes.—THE BOOK OF UNPOPULAR PRECEPTS.

The Essence of Plotinus, Extracts from the six *Enneads* and Porphyry's *Life of Plotinus*, based upon the translation by Stephen Mackenna; edited by Grace H. Turnbull; Oxford University Press, New York, 1934; price, $2.50.

This book responds to a genuine demand, for in recent years there has been a notable revival of interest in mysticism and in Plotinus as the greatest of mystical philosophers during the Christian era in the West. The study of the Neoplatonic sage, however, has been much neglected, partly because of the scarcity of translations. The Greek text is difficult and imperfect, and the average scholar has lacked intellectual sympathy with the doctrines which the *Enneads* set forth. There can be no doubt that the world is the richer for Mackenna's life-long devotion to Plotinus. His translation may be said to rank among the classics of its order, although it might be argued that his style is sometimes too florid, too "Irish". There are "purple passages" in the *Enneads*, but the mystical enthusiasm which they record is not emotional. It is a sign of Plotinus' self-discipline and self-control, that his mind remained austere and cool and clear, even when it was overshadowed by the memory of spiritual ecstasy. Plotinus was not a "psychic".

Miss Turnbull has made excellent use of Mackenna's work. Her selection of essential passages reveals an admirable editorial judgment, and her paraphrase of the original translation is amply justified by her purpose. Of this purpose she writes in the Preface:

> Since this work is intended for the use of those who have not already made a special study of Plotinus as well as for the students who in great concentration on the letter of his philosophy may have lost something of the fine flavour of his spirit, I have tried to free Plotinus the philosopher and mystic from the veil of metaphysical subtleties and outworn science which have too long obscured him from our view, and to show the shining soul of him alone. Hence I have barred those tractates of the *Enneads* which, because of over-technicality of treatment or of theme, do not hold the general reader; of those that still speak to the spirit I have preserved the passages of the most mystical and ethical appeal—here a page, there a paragraph or phrase, hoping to delight your souls, as I have delighted mine, rather than weary you with the jargon of the schools.

There is a Foreword by Dean Inge, an annotated Bibliography, and an Appendix, giving some of the Platonic and Aristotelian sources on which the *Enneads* were based, as well as a series of quotations testifying to the influence of

Plotinus upon later mystics, poets and philosophers, from St. Augustine and Dante to Emerson and Tennyson.

Miss Turnbull's paraphrase of Mackenna's translation should be read in conjunction with Thomas Taylor's version. For some reason which is not clear, Miss Turnbull underestimates Taylor, even omitting reference to him in her Bibliography. It is the part of wisdom not to underestimate Taylor. His terminology and language are frequently obscure or obsolete; but his commentaries on Neoplatonic literature suggest many things which modern scholars overlook. Taylor was convinced that Plotinus and his successors were not lonely adventurers in some transcendental realm of the spirit. Instead, he linked their teachings with the truths which had been preserved and guarded by the Greater and Lesser Mysteries, at Eleusis and elsewhere. Students of Theosophy would agree with the thesis that the great Neoplatonic philosophers were cautiously divulging truths which had been cherished in the Sanctuary since the dawn of history. S.V.L.

Dogs of War! by F. Yeats-Brown; Peter Davies, London, 1934; price, 6*s*.

The author of the *Bengal Lancer* and *Golden Horn* writes this book as an antidote to the silliness of English Pacifists, including Beverley Nichols and Sir Norman Angell. We especially like the chapters relating his own experience of the use of armed force in the neighbourhood of the North-West frontier of India, proving conclusively that the prompt and courageous use of force is the only way, in many circumstances, to prevent the wholesale massacre of innocent people.

We wish that the author had called attention to the *cause* of the pacifist movement, namely, a materialistic view of life: death, the supreme if not the only evil; comfort, the supreme if not the only good. This view is held, not only by avowed materialists, but by many so-called Christians, with ministers of all denominations and of all ranks (up to that of Archbishop) in the lead.

Captain Yeats-Brown is an interesting writer always, and the contradictions in his own view of life—his jumble of Hatha Yoga, psychoanalysis, and a fine idealism—do not make him less so. None the less we wish, for our own peace of mind, that he would not confuse Freud's subliminal self with "the world within man . . . known to the mystics of all great religions",—for this is more than we can endure politely. Freud, a Viennese Jewish doctor, having first discovered a cess-pool within himself, proceeded to discover similar cess-pools in his patients—not a difficult thing to do, considering who most of them were. From this he inferred and taught that all men and all women are vile in ways more vile than the most depraved minds of the past had even imagined. In brief, Freud is responsible for more evil-thinking, and for the suggestion of more evil, than any other writer of modern times, which is saying a good deal. Captain Yeats-Brown, who knows something of the Vedanta, must surely realize that there are heights as well as depths in man, and that to confuse the soul, or the *Atman*, with their perverted reflections in matter—worse still, with their perverted

reflections in the imagination of Freud—is unphilosophical, misleading, and, we believe, quite the opposite of what he intends. T.

The Vision of Asia; an Interpretation of Chinese Art and Culture, by L. Cranmer-Byng; John Murray, London, 1932; price, 15*s*.

Cranmer-Byng is the distinguished editor of the "Wisdom of the East Series", small volumes of excellent translations of the scriptures and literary treasures of China, Japan, India, Persia and Egypt. He himself has contributed to the series the *Rose Garden* of the Persian poet Sa'di, the *Book of Odes*, and two anthologies of Chinese poetry.

The Vision of Asia is "an interpretation of Chinese art and culture", but it is also much more. Cranmer-Byng speaks of the image-laden descriptions of the Buddhist Paradise as instances of "jungle-mindedness". His own style is an almost impenetrable jungle of images and metaphors, of ideas over-running ideas. It is with the utmost difficulty that one traces the basic structure of the book. There are enough ideas for several volumes condensed into this one, pell-mell, with numerous repetitions, until one's brain reels. One should certainly not complain, however, at a time when most authors have scarcely one idea to spin out through all their works.

Cranmer-Byng writes of the confusion and materialism of the Western World to-day, which have led to its economic collapse and to the menace of communism that threatens to wipe out all of its spiritual heritage. With this he contrasts the attainments of Chinese wisdom in the T'ang and Sung dynasties, and in its further transformations in the great epochs of Japanese civilization.

China has tried everything. Young China has neglected its own history, or it would be less lured by the delusions of Western social theory.

> Wang An-shih, the statesman who lived in the Northern Sung dynasty from A. D. 1021 to 1086, has been regarded by many scholars as the father of Socialism in China. . . . In his own words, "The State should take the entire management of commerce, industry, and agriculture into its own hands, with a view to succouring the working classes and preventing them from being ground into the dust by the rich." Certainly in his methods he was surprisingly up-to-date from a modern collectivist point of view. Heavy taxation of the rich, total exemption of the poor, old-age pensions, unemployment dole, State loans to farmers, a comprehensive land tax which would make the mouth of an English Chancellor water, restriction of copper export, tampering with the currency, and the establishment of State Banks, which also carried on the functions of pawnshops and markets, are some of the enactments of Wang An-shih. Like all reformers in a hurry, he made the pace too hot to last, and "Socialism in our time" came to an end with him, although spasmodic attempts at revival on the part of hordes of superfluous officials kept the movement going for a few years after his death.

Fortunately for China, it still had ingrained in its consciousness the Way of Heaven of the Tao and the Mahayana, and the Way of Man of Confucius. Statesmen and officials were primarily trained in ethics in preparation for their tasks. Traditionally they were supposed to perform all their outer duties

with scrupulous attention and care, while preserving in their souls the consciousness of the unity of all being in one spiritual life. This "Life-Movement of the Spirit through the Rhythm of things", is the first canon of the arts as given by Hsien Ho, and its perception may be said to be the fundamental canon of Chinese thought. All Nature is created and moved by this Life-Movement of the Spirit, and man is but a part of Nature. The Chinese mystic and philosopher constantly looked for the signs of this divine stirring in all created things, as the enduring reality and substratum of being. He endeavoured to perceive its laws and to conform to them, in his own conduct and consciousness. It is in the works of art that remain, that we see the visible embodiment of his victory, of his profound reverence, and of his tranquillity. These works of art contain for the West the lesson of this mystical vision and transcendent faith. The sages who attained to immortality during this life by transmutation, not by death, are described thus:

> When they trod upon the hoar-frost or the snow, they left no foot-prints; when the rays of the sun fell upon them, they threw no shadow. They climbed aloft on spiral gusts of wind; they passed over hills and streams, treading in the air and soaring higher than the Kwan-lun Mountains, bursting open the Gate of Heaven, and entering the Palace of God.

Li Po expresses this companionship of man with his surroundings in his charming poem:

> Flocks of birds have flown high and away,
> A solitary drift of cloud, too, has gone, wandering on.
> And I sat alone with the Ching-ting Peak, towering beyond.
> We never grow tired of each other, the mountain and I.

What does the sage do when he has attained the experience of union? Why! says someone, in Suzuki's book on Zen, he sits down on the grass and drinks tea! In no eccentric conduct, in no overbearing zeal, but in the simplest acts of every-day life, he embodies the force and rhythm of the universal life. He is *That*. This is, of course, one of the central doctrines of Zen, the Chinese and Japanese aspect of the Mahayana.

It is this awareness of the reality of the spiritual world, this immovable affirmation of its supremacy, which has been the strength and immortality of the East, and, let us not forget, the force of the West also, its inheritance from Egypt. The West to-day cannot see the lessons of its past any more than can Young China or Young India see in their past the truths so essential to their continued existence. Perhaps, however, the Occidental may recognize something of these truths in the unfamiliar forms of Eastern painting and poetry. It is possible that he is actually less dazzled by the illusions of materialism than the modernistic Oriental.

Cranmer-Byng is clearly aware of the great benefit which the West can derive from an acquaintance with Eastern thought and art, and his book is part of his attempt to make these more accessible. ST.C.LaD.

Orphism, by J. R. Watmough; Cambridge University Press, 1934; price, $1.25.

Orphism is a very elastic term. The Greeks and Romans themselves used it in many senses. Strictly speaking, it refers to the Bacchic or Dionysiac Mysteries, said to be based upon the secret teachings of the heroic bard, Orpheus. Partly because of the identification of the Bacchic sodalities with other groups of Initiates, Orphism became virtually synonymous with mysticism or occultism in general. As Watmough says: "On the religious side it has become associated with the worship of Dionysus in Thrace and Demeter at Eleusis: on the philosophic, with Pythagorean mathematics and Platonic metaphysics. . . . Orphic, Bacchic, Pythagorean and Egyptian almost meant the same" (p. 15).

One's attitude towards the Orphic tradition is necessarily determined by one's view of the Mysteries of antiquity. Did the Initiates possess genuine knowledge of the hidden processes of Nature and understand the art of bringing to birth the Spiritual Man; or were the Mysteries mere survivals of savage magic which the civilized Greeks re-interpreted and refined, without suspecting that their Initiates were merely glorified "medicine men"? According to Theosophy, the Mysteries were primitive only in the sense that they were coeval with the human race; they embodied the wisdom which man inherited from the "Gods" who descended on earth in the Golden Age; they were a link between the human and the divine. Therefore, the student of Theosophy seeks a spiritual meaning within the myths which were dramatized in the ritual of initiation. He does not deny that a materialistic and gross interpretation may be read into every sacred "fable", for the spiritual and the material correspond to each other, the material being the shadow or reflection of the spiritual. But why must one search first for the darkest aspect of a parable? For example, it is most reasonable to assume that the duality of human nature and the way to human redemption are symbolized by the death and re-birth of Dionysus, although only a fragmentary outline of the great Bacchic myth has come down to us.

> The "Orphics" introduced a complicated myth by which *Eros*, "the Spirit of God moving over the waters", created the world; while the Dionysiac and Titanic elements accounted for good and evil. The most commonly accepted story is this: first came Time, from which sprang Ether and Chaos. Out of Ether and Chaos, Time formed a silver egg. Out of the egg sprang *Eros*, or in other versions, Phanes, god of light. The development of the world was a self-revelation of this power. Phanes was next swallowed by Zeus. The latter, by Persephone, had a son Dionysus. Dionysus was pursued by Titans and took the form of a bull, which the Titans rent to pieces. Athene saved the bull's heart, which Zeus swallowed in order to beget a new Dionysus. The Titans, stained by the blood of the bull Dionysus, were struck down by the lightning flash of Zeus; and out of their ashes sprang the race of men—which thereby contained both the Titanic elements (the spirit of evil) and the Dionysiac (the spirit of good). This myth . . . appears, by inference, on the golden tablets of lower Italy, in such verses as, "I am a child of earth and of starry heaven, but my race is of heaven alone" (pp. 53-54).

Orpheus was, as Diodorus says, of the race of Dionysus. One tradition actually identifies him with the Indian prince, Arjuna, (*Five Years of Theosophy*, p. 266). It is significant that his human life repeats the tragedy which had been enacted by his "Father in Heaven". Orpheus, like Dionysus, was a messenger of

Light, and was immolated by the Mænads, the earthly counterparts of the Titans and emblematic of the unredeemed passional nature of the animal man.

Watmough has little respect for the Mysteries as such, or for the Orphic version of their divine origin. He is too much impressed by current anthropological theory, even though he scarcely goes so far as to accept Salomon Reinach's notion that Orpheus was a "fox totem". Watmough's main thesis is that Orphism appeared as a movement of religious reform in the Sixth Century B. C.; that above all it represented an effort to establish a standard of subjective morality, a more humane social order, and a personal relationship between God and man, in opposition to the political and purely formal modes of worship which were regarded as sufficient in the "state churches", the cults of the Olympian Gods. There is evident truth in this theory, for even in its most exoteric forms Orphism held before the devotee the possibility and the ideal that he might "become like God". Watmough, however, confuses the issue by drawing all sorts of fanciful analogies between Orphism and modern Protestantism. The obvious analogy is between Orphism and the Christian mystical tradition which has certainly flourished as vigorously in the Catholic as in the Protestant denominations.

However, Watmough's little treatise has a real value and significance. Not only does it bring together a number of ancient "sources" which have hitherto been quite unavailable to the average reader; but Watmough himself, in his concluding chapter, reveals a deep appreciation of certain aspects of Orphism and an understanding of its spirit which should be enlightening to every student of the subject. He suggests that if this spirit could be revived in the modern world, we should be better and happier.

Viewed as an abstract idea, "Orphism" strikes three major notes on the scale of our appreciative sense—the note of mysticism, the note of light, and the note of tranquillity. All these are of immense value for the present day. . . . There is nothing romantic about the real "Orpheus". His tranquillity is, above all, restrained and sober. It is a state of peace which flows naturally from the life of self-discipline and communion with the source of infinite *Eros*, losing its coldness in brotherly affection, and its austerity in tenderness to brute creation. Bacon is nearer to the truth when he says that the tale of "Orpheus" "may seem to represent the image of philosophy" (pp. 77 *seq.*).

L.V.

The Gospel of the Hereafter, by the Rev. J. Paterson-Smyth; Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, new edition, 1930; price, $1.00.

This volume, first published in 1910, by an Irish-born clergyman of the Church of England who is now officiating in Canada, is a valuable book to put into the hands of orthodox Christians,—those who respect the Scriptures while taking home to themselves very few of the truths and promises there revealed. It is a useful book for others, also, who, though they sincerely endeavour to live the truth as they see it, are sometimes vague as to what that truth may be. The book is said to have grown out of the experience of the author, after the death of a son, and certainly gives the impression of being written from the heart. It

aims to amend the pagan attitude of much of Protestant Christendom which weeps, grief-stricken, over a dead body, and, after the interment, conscientiously avoids mention of one who is "now no more".

Confining himself to the little that is said in the Old and New Testaments—for on this subject of the state after death, the author admits that the Bible is reserved—he nevertheless finds that little sufficient to make a persuasive argument for the continuity of consciousness. For clarity of argument, he divides the time after death into two periods, one, the final period after the Last Judgment, with which Judgment, he says, Heaven and Hell proper, really begin. The other period, up to the final Judgment, is the "intermediate" state—intermediate, that is, between earth life and Eternity; and he calls that period the "Near Hereafter". This period, the intermediate, is the real subject of the book. Restricting himself to the testimony of the Bible and of a very few early Fathers—Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian—Dr. Paterson-Smyth presents this intermediate period as an opportunity for "growth and purification", words which suggest the old teaching about Purgatory, not as that teaching is popularly misunderstood, but as it is set forth by such a mystic as Dante, in the *Divine Comedy*.

Because of its sincerity and, perhaps, of its narrow restrictions, the book has circulated widely, one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies in English alone, apart from translations. The wealth of mystical literature, Western and Eastern, could of course have been drawn upon to elucidate and support the argument, but the use of mystical writers might have weakened the authority of the book among those for whom it is intended—those who respect the Bible, the whole Bible, and little else. Even without the corroborative testimony of the great mystics, the volume seems likely to find a welcome from many members of The Theosophical Society. Called upon, in an hour of grief, by those who cannot understand theosophical views of life, members of the Society are sometimes at a loss for literature suited to the need of their friends. This book, small in size and easy to read, would seem to meet many needs. C.

Metamorphism, A Study of the Transformations of Rock-masses, by Alfred Harker; Methuen & Co., London, 1932; price, 17*s.* 6*d.*

Although this is a highly technical book, if we read between the lines it will prove of great value because of the many striking analogies with the processes of life as a whole. All students of Theosophy are interested in the architecture of the Cosmos, in the upbuilding of the Universe (we could hardly read *The Secret Doctrine* and remain indifferent); therefore we must also be interested in the sculptures of our earth, for that is what the magnificent rock-masses which constitute its crust really are—sculptures of such infinite variety, such marvellous workmanship, that no two are ever alike either in composition or in form. Perhaps, however, it is too often our habit to consider only what appears to us the sublime immutability of our great rock-masses, typifying, as they do, life's transcendent Realities, and to forget that, while they symbolize the Change-

less, they are not immutable, far from it; we know, in fact, that they are for ever changing, for ever interchanging; that there is a constant ebb and flow at work, a ceaseless liberation and re-absorption of their life-forces; we know that they are *growing* (though in so vast and leisurely a way as to be imperceptible), as the whole of creation is also growing; that they are evolving as we too are evolving; that they share with us the life of "becoming". We look at our great mountain ranges spread before us, towering above us, and our spirits are uplifted to the pure snows which crown their summits; their power and superb isolation become a part of our inner life. That is what they do for *us;* but do we often stop to think what in return we might do for them to help them on their long journey upward—in sympathy and true understanding? For such states as this are surely reciprocal, and rocks or mountains feel our sympathy as we feel their strength; and just as there is an interchange, throughout the universe, of material atoms—streaming from rock to plant, to animal or human being, and back again—so there must be, or should be, the constant, intuitive exchange of these finer, invisible forces which we call harmony or states of shared consciousness, however varied in degree that consciousness may be. Back of the material appearance lies an intangible realm in which these splendid cyclopean creatures of Nature's so-called lowest kingdom live, and that they *do* live, that they are actually and literally alive in their own degree, that there is a philosophy of rocks as there is of other phases of life, the student of Theosophy is convinced.

In the esoteric Teaching, older than the ages, we learn that our terrestrial globe, with its central consuming, transmuting fire, is an *entity* of a septenary nature, and that every portion of our earth is throbbing with life—*The Secret Doctrine* teaching that the entire universe is a mirror of the Divine. Speaking in strictly geological terms, there are two main factors in metamorphism: heat and pressure, and in his book Dr. Harker concerns himself not so much with the classification of rocks, as with the fundamental chemical and structural changes which take place within them when subjected to the influence of these agents, changes, moreover, which are distinctly evolutionary in tendency. "Metamorphism is here conceived, not as a status but as a process; viz. a progressive change in response to changing conditions of temperature and stress." And again: "It is fundamental to a true conception of advancing metamorphism that a new mineral generated at appropriate temperature does not thereafter remain passive and lifeless. If not consumed in reactions producing higher minerals, it retains at all higher temperatures the power of rejuvenation." The student of Theosophy will at once be reminded that in the spiritual life, the "heat" of aspiration and the "pressure" of the spiritual will are the two great factors necessary to progress, to interior growth, and that it is because of these that spiritual transformations occur. He will realize also that, on lower planes, the withdrawal of heat (friction) and pressure from a man's life, results in stagnation and death. We *live* because of these two forces, and one of the differences between a chêla and a worldling is that the former applies them to himself, from within—a deliberate process—while the worldling is acted upon by them, and usually resents the opportunity for growth thus given him.

The actual physical force of crystallization is dynamic; the energy and power manifested is tremendous. In metamorphism, moreover, the crystal grows from within, not by accretion as in the case of a mineral separating from an igneous magma: "the crystallization or recrystallization of minerals in metamorphism proceeds, not in a fluid medium, but *in the heart of the solid rock*," (it is quite literally interior), "the growing crystal must make a place for itself against a solid resistance, and is to be conceived as forcibly thrusting its way outward from its starting point." It is the formation and birth of the new crystal individual, the result of heat and stress, and the actual "structure" or "texture" of the original rock is fundamentally altered, for "the term 'metamorphism', i.e. change of form, is understood in geology as having reference to atomic and molecular configuration."

Physical science talks of inorganic matter, but how could all these transformations take place unless there were *life* within the rocks? How could a rock change as it does, from one state of matter to another, unless there were life capable of response to the "direct invasion of the earth's internal store of heat"? —using Dr. Harker's own words. A stone could not even disintegrate or crumble, it could not "decompose" (as, for instance, felspar does when changing into kaolinite) were it a "dead" thing. Esoteric science teaches that every atom in the universe has a consciousness of its own; that, as *The Secret Doctrine* tells us, "each particle—whether you call it organic or inorganic—*is a life*". As the great rock-masses of our earth are composed of incalculable millions of rock-forming minerals, what unimaginable crores of millions upon millions of these infinitesimal "lives" must there be in every rugged headland or rough mountain side. Finally, the ancient Wisdom also teaches the progressive development of everything in the Cosmos, from a speck of dust to a planet, and it is perhaps because we find something of this same idea in Dr. Harker's theory of "advancing metamorphism" that his book will be of such interest to students of Theosophy. The fact that he also introduces the theory of "retrograde metamorphism" is notable, for creation is known to have its failures—in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, as in the human. Therefore in reading what Dr. Harker has to tell us, we find ourselves constantly recalling the fact that "everything in the universe follows analogy". The book is richly illustrated with exceedingly interesting drawings (made by the author himself), of several hundred microscope slides. A careful study of these illustrations will be an education in itself, for by their means we can trace many of the processes of change, of structural rearrangement, which have taken place within the mineral. T.D.

Saints of Chaos, by Peter Oliver; William Farquhar Payson, New York, 1934; price, $2.50.

Like many of his contemporaries, Peter Oliver is unfavourably impressed by the state of the world. Wherever he looks he sees disorder, discord, wasted energy, confusion of counsel. The pilots of modern civilization cannot agree on any course or destination, and there are ominous symptoms of mutiny among

the crew. As Oliver points out, the modern world must somehow reform itself or it will disappear from existence. No superficial economic or political readjustment will save it, for the cause of the trouble is deep. There must be a moral and spiritual renaissance, a conversion which will reawaken in a sufficient number of human beings the virtues that are proper to human souls. The Russian Berdyaev, in *The End of Our Time*, suggested that humanity might have to pass through the experience of a new Dark Age, in order to recover the use of certain spiritual faculties which have been generally dormant since mediæval times. Oliver abstains from prophecies, but he practically draws the same moral from history as Berdyaev. He believes also that mediæval civilization was, in many ways, on a higher level than our own; that the material progress of the past four centuries has been purchased by the atrophy of the finer powers of consciousness, including the power of conscience itself, the elementary sense of right and wrong.

> We are dwellers in the tents of confusion. We of Europe and the Americas, though we consider ourselves, and with some reason, the leaders of the world, still we are divided on almost all matters of importance. There is never, in any society, complete agreement between all people, but there has been at times in the past, agreement between the people of good intent. Socrates, living in the last years of one such time of agreement, called this that was its basis, the "common consent of good men". . . . Some thousand years ago St. Augustine wrote in *The City of God*, "We are our love". This is interpreted to mean that human society tends to realize any goal recognized by the Socratic common consent of good men. To-day with our divergent and conflicting "loves" there is no answer, satisfactory to more than one group, to the question of whither what we call our civilization is tending. Differences of opinion are perhaps desirable, but differences of conviction on fundamental matters can lead only to the break up of society. . . . Bearing in mind what St. Augustine says, that we are our love, if we turn back to history we observe two great phases. The first is a phase of Unity when men agree on what they know, when, in other words, men know the things they love; the second a phase of Diversity when men do not agree, when there is conflict between the abstract ideals toward which men aspire. . . . The last great unity was that of mediæval Christendom, and this was the greatest of all. The pillars of the old Grecian unity were truth and beauty, this one stood higher and more firm on a new element that had been added to life and knowledge, unselfish love. The Middle Ages civilized Europe; religion, science, art and politics were met and joined together in the great Catholic and Apostolic Church. . . . Martin Luther was the high priest of the new diversity, the father of our modern world. Less and less since Luther lived have we known the things we loved. . . . Religion, which is concerned with love, in Martin Luther led the way. Science and art, having to do with truth and beauty, followed. As Luther broke the old religious unity, Galileo, with his homemade telescope began the new science, and Beethoven, the new art.

The "Saints of Chaos" are Luther, Galileo, Beethoven, James Watt, whose steam engine inaugurated the machine age and the industrial revolution, and the Seventeenth Century political economist, Thomas Hobbes, who foretold the tyranny of the modern democratic "nation-state" in the *Leviathan*. Oliver might have chosen five other "saints", but the list as it stands is apt enough. It is our impression that in a sense he exaggerates the power of the *ordinary* man of genius. There are always great men, both good and bad, in the world,

but they are limited by cyclic law, nor can they change the main tides of history. There must be sympathy between their genius and the mass upon which it acts. In theosophical terms, a great man affects the society in which he is born to the extent that it is the *karma* of that society to be so affected. He is then, as it were, the vehicle through which some revolution, subconsciously desired by the multitude, is accomplished.

This amendment of Oliver's thesis does not affect the historical truth which he makes evident. Luther, Galileo and Beethoven were born during a period of critical transformation. The life was departing from the marvellously unified organism of mediæval civilization. Reform was as necessary then as now. The future depended upon the quality of the change which was certain to come. The tragedy is that the work of the reformers did not bring about a restoration of vital unity, but was turned towards the building of a new world doomed from its birth to division and internecine strife. There was a great opportunity, but the fashioners of the modern cycle did not live up to it.

Oliver gives an enlightening definition of this failure. Among the many delusions of the modern mind, perhaps the most serious is this,—that the Good, the True and the Beautiful are not known as co-existent aspects of a Divine Unity, but are falsely imagined to be capable of separation from one another and from God. Since the Middle Ages, religion, science and art have tended, more and more to go their divers ways without reference to the unity which should include them all. For this mutilation of the Platonic trinity, Oliver blames, in particular, the three major characters of his book, Luther, Galileo and Beethoven.

> Martin Luther is the example of the great and good heart frustrated by the little mind; in Galileo the picture is reversed. His mind is great, his heart is little. Had he been good enough, he could have loved the essential Truth and Beauty of the Church with which he struggled, and still, we believe, could his mind have found the outlet he needed in the subject he loved. But only the blameless and selfless work miracles. . . . The music of Beethoven from 1800 to the end, is his own life, told in his art. Except for occasional moments, it was not a happy life; it is not, except occasionally, happy music. The art is infinitely great, the life is a poor thing. . . . The great accomplishment of these changers was that by splitting the fabric of the unity that was mediæval Christendom, they separated in the minds of men, the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. Luther, changer of religion, of the Good, forgot the Beautiful and True. . . . In Science, since the Change, Truth has been severed from Goodness and Beauty. . . . Modern art has followed a single star, in its case Beauty, oblivious of all else. And Beauty can help man no more than Truth and Goodness, unless the relation of all three be remembered. Modern art has forgotten Truth, which is the objective quality of Art, has forgotten Goodness, the unifying quality, which gives sense, and which our mediæval ancestors called Grace. . . . It is our firm belief that since the end of the mediæval unity the chief cause of our continued frustration in our search for happiness has been that we have failed to realize that the Good, the True, and the Beautiful are one.
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> This we lay to the door of the three great Changers, Luther, Galileo, and Beethoven. They saw the old institutionalized unity so intent on its institutional form, that men were losing all sight of the material and spiritual aspects (and these may not be overlooked!) of Truth, and Goodness, and Beauty. They turned to these three ideals, to seek them out, and we have followed, but with such haste and blindness, and with such excitement

of discovery, that we have lost sight of the fact that it is in the recognition of the existence of the three together that we shall preserve our souls.

Oliver can diagnose better than he can cure. Only one who has discovered an infallible remedy for our present difficulties is entitled to condemn him for the inadequacy of the "New Unity" which he proposes. Nevertheless, we wish that he had remained in his rôle of disinterested spectator, for the reforms suggested in the concluding chapter are vague and obscure, when they are not shown by experience to be impractical. He says, for example:

The greatest of our problems, and the one for whose solution the whole world is clamouring, is the question of how, without discarding or at least threatening what we have come to consider as the established order of things, there may be a redistribution of the world's wealth. In its commonest form this question concerns itself with the search for a peaceful method of giving to labour a part of the too large share of produced wealth which now goes to capital.

There is no reason why this problem should worry Oliver or anybody else. It is as old as the world and is being solved for us daily. Nature is engaged continuously in the redistribution of possessions and powers in all her kingdoms. In so far as the administration of human justice conforms to natural law, the transfer of wealth is effected without social disorder. Serious trouble becomes possible, when we try to accelerate or retard this normal process. As history has proved again and again, it is not a solution of life's difficulties, to take from the rich because they are rich and to give to the poor because they are poor. This is robbery, nor can it be morally justified by any number of fine phrases.

It has been said that most revolutions are caused by abstract nouns which become charged with emotion in proportion as they are emptied of meaning. We shall be wise to consider what ideas are signified by the abstract nouns, "capital" and "labour". Everyone can speak for himself, but one person at least is willing to admit that when he speaks or hears these words they usually mean nothing at all. What is "labour", for instance? The sum-total of all those who work for a living? But Nature distinguishes not only between those who work and those who do not work, but between those whose work is good and those whose work is poor. The good workman whose craftsmanship consistently improves is, doubtless, entitled to a larger share of his employer's profits. Indeed, he gets that larger share now, unless the trades unions succeed in suppressing him. No society can survive which is founded on the spurious principle that the incapable and the lazy and the dishonest should be paid more than they are worth, merely because they represent "labour" as opposed to "capital". Truly the labourer is worthy of his hire. Modern economists are invited to meditate upon that phrase which was held in such high respect by the guilds which built Chartres and Amiens. S.V.L.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 391.—*When the Churches pray for the dead they specify those "who die in the Lord"; those who are "numbered with the saints"; the "faithful departed". But most hearts are breaking for their dead who do not die in the Lord, and who have no part with the saints. Can our prayers for them be efficacious, and what form should they best take beyond a cry for mercy?*

ANSWER.—It would seem a mistake to try to separate the "faithful", even those who are faithful to only a limited extent, into categories of sainthood, or otherwise. It would seem more helpful to think of the prayer in the Litany: "Lord, have mercy upon us miserable sinners", because we are all sinners in varying degrees. If a heart is breaking for a departed loved one, if one consecrates the suffering and weaves it into one's every-day living on behalf of the loved one, the sins of the loved one may be vicariously atoned for in a most real and complete way. G.H.M.

ANSWER.—How can we tell whether or not our dead have "died in the Lord", whether or not they have any "part with the saints"? Many a man who has all his life scoffed at the Churches, who has appeared outwardly to follow only his own inclinations, may at the same time have been a fighter, for principle, for the right as he saw it; may have influenced many to right action; may have been, in fact, close to the heart of real Religion. It may well be that, at the end, he is conscious of a Presence which says, "Well done!"; it may well be that he finds himself, after all, in the blessed company of all faithful people.

We have been told that the prayer of a righteous man availeth much. We hesitate, perhaps, to think of ourselves as righteous. We can, however, take that saying to mean that a "right" prayer may avail much, a prayer from the depths of the heart, in which we ask nothing for ourselves, in which our sole concern is for our dead; a selfless prayer, which can contain nothing which might perturb or disturb the excarnate soul. Surely the fine spiritual force called forth and directed by pure prayer can be efficacious, can reach the spirit of our friend.

We have been told, too, that "the dead, meaning by this, souls in Devachan and in the preliminary states leading thereto, are under the guardianship of certain classes of Masters, who most certainly do render help to the dead, just as their illustrious colleagues of another class render help to the living." Can we not evoke this help?

A cry for mercy, yes, if we think that mercy is required. But a cry, from the depths of our soul, that our friend, now, may be helped to see where formerly he was blind; that there may be dissolved and broken down in him everything of self that kept him from the light; that, when the purpose of his Lord has been accomplished in him, a voice may speak to him across the darkness, that he may know that he is no longer alone. C.R.A.

ANSWER.—Except for extreme cases, I do not agree with the latter part of the querent's statement that "most hearts are breaking for their dead *who do not die in the Lord*", and so on. It would be difficult to convince many who have lost father, mother, husband, wife, or child, that their dead are not of "the faithful departed". Perhaps it is well, for in the broader sense they are correct. Theosophy teaches that man is a creature of seven principles: the upper imperishable Triad and the lower Quaternary. Following death, and after a longer or shorter

period as the individual case may be, the imperishable principles are freed from the lower or transitory principles. The former constitute the real man, the Ego, the Soul, which then goes on to Devachan or heaven. It is this Soul which, through countless series of births, deaths and rebirths, gradually pushes its way toward immortality. The churches pray for all the *potential* "immortals" who quite conceivably "die in the Lord", are "numbered among the saints", and "the faithful departed", though the churches may not analyze their prayers in just this way. The Soul does not die with the flesh, and it is for the Soul's welfare and progress we pray, or should pray. For peace and rest for the Soul, yes; but also for the strength, the courage, the vision, with which to meet and overcome the obstacles, the difficulties, the temptations in its path of progress next time, and which are necessary to the Soul's advancement toward immortality. Surely the divine mercy turns a willing ear to such prayers.

G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—Madame Blavatsky tells us in *The Key to Theosophy* (p. 150) that, "We are with those whom we have lost in material form, and far, far nearer to them now, than when they were alive. And it is not only in the fancy of the *Devachanee*, as some may imagine, but in reality. For pure divine love is not merely the blossom of a human heart, but has its roots in eternity." And again (pp. 161-2), "Death comes to our spiritual selves ever as a deliverer and friend. . . . At the solemn moment of death every man . . . sees the whole of his past life marshalled before him, in its minutest details . . . the whole chain of causes which have been at work during his life. He sees and now understands himself as he is . . . and knows the justice of all the suffering that has overtaken him."

Theosophy brings a hope and solace here which are too rarely found within the teaching of the churches, for it shows us how love, through the intermediation of the Masters, can reach and aid the dead. In a new birth, a new chance awaits the soul; and those who love that soul can so treasure the image of its divine potentialities, can so war in their own natures against all which betrayed and injured it, that the truths the soul itself saw in the moment of death may be engraved deeply in the astral light, to remain as the moulds for the new incarnation.

B.

QUESTION NO. 392.—*What is the difference between concentration, contemplation, and meditation?*

ANSWER.—In Christian terminology, meditation usually is considered as preceding, and as leading to, contemplation. In occultism the order is as listed in the question. From the occultist's viewpoint, briefly, in concentration, the consciousness is pointed to a given object; in contemplation it dwells uninterruptedly on it; in meditation it is merged with the object and becomes at one with it.

G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—These three powers are spiritual, and are steps in the process of becoming, for man becomes what he contemplates: as he thinks, so he is. The great majority of mankind drag down and use these powers for purposes of the personality, or lower self, instead of for those of the soul. In theosophical literature these terms are used in addressing those who have an interest in, or are actually striving for, discipleship. Thus, in Mr. Judge's pamphlet, *Culture of Concentration*, the term "concentration" is stated to mean that which "in the Indian books is called Yoga, which is translated also as Union, meaning a union with the Supreme Being". Likewise, "contemplation", in theosophical terms, is an act and a state of consciousness far higher than that employed by people in the world, who use this mighty spiritual power for personal ends. "Concentration" is a power which must be gained in the acts of daily life, as Professor Mitchell points out in his pamphlet, *Meditation*. It consists in an act of the will in directing and controlling the attention and the powers of the mind. On the higher plane of consciousness, reached as a result of meditation, contemplation involves an action of the heart, which through love and a yearning for the object contemplated, overflows into action. Concentration of the mind upon the object or subject to be meditated upon,

and contemplation of it, lead to meditation, in which the consciousness is merged with the ideal we have contemplated. The "spiritual bouquet", mentioned by religious writers upon meditation, corresponds to the higher contemplation already referred to, involving the heart and overflowing into action through the keeping of a "resolution" arrived at as a result of meditation. G.H.M.

ANSWER.—The terms have been used differently in different schools of thought. Thus Patanjali uses "concentration" as the all inclusive term, and there is an almost complete reversal between Theosophic and Christian usage in the positions assigned to meditation and contemplation. In Theosophic parlance, concentration, contemplation, and meditation (proper), are three successive stages of meditation, in the more general sense. (1) Concentration is the taking of the mind from other matters and placing it exclusively on the chosen subject. (2) Contemplation, the second step, consists in keeping the mind *fixed* on the chosen subject. (3) In meditation, the third step, the personal consciousness, no longer confined to the mind, becomes (a) part of, or at one with, the chosen subject, and (b) *follows on with it.* Thus it is that the life of discipleship can be a life of continual meditation, for complete meditation implies movement; it is never static or negative, as is often erroneously supposed, both in the Eastern Yoga and among Christian "Contemplatives". A useful analysis of meditation, setting forth its successive stages, as well as some of the difficulties that may be encountered and the effects that may result, can be found in the pamphlet on the subject by H. B. Mitchell. Q.

QUESTION NO. 393.—*It is said that a Lodge Messenger can only appear if and when his disciples make it possible. The* Bhagavad Gîta *says, "Whenever there is a withering of the Law, O son of Bharata, and an uprising of lawlessness on all sides, then I manifest Myself." How reconcile these statements?*

ANSWER.—Pages could be written on this subject. Briefly, the Lodge works for the eventual salvation of mankind and, in so doing, its representatives of one or another degree come, or are sent, in accordance with the operation of Cyclic Law. The representative known as the Lodge Messenger ordinarily appears during the last quarter of the one hundred year, or century, cycle. I have always thought of the passage quoted from the *Gîta* as referring to the manifestation of an Avatar, the coming or sending of whom would be governed by the operation of a much larger cycle than that of one hundred year periods. Likewise, mankind is affected by Cyclic Law, under the operation of which certain preparations are made for the work to be done by the prospective Lodge representative. Evidently one set of conditions under which an Avatar manifests himself is "a withering of the Law, . . . and an uprising of lawlessness on all sides." G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—These two statements do not seem to be in any need of reconciliation. "An uprising of lawlessness on all sides" does not preclude the possibility, or even the probability, that the disciples of a Master should be in incarnation at the time of, or even in the midst of "lawlessness". On the contrary, it is not at all unlikely that they may be there *because* of it, since that might be the very time when they could be of the most service in their Master's Cause; "lawlessness" might be the very evil which, *united,* they were called upon to combat. Consider the present conditions in the world: was ever lawlessness more widespread? Yet, have we not been told (even did we not see it for ourselves), that the ranks of the Theosophical Movement are more solidly welded together than they have ever been before? Is not the "nucleus" here, for the preservation of which and for the growth of which both H.P.B. and Judge gave their lives—has it ever been so potent for good? And could this be, unless the Master were behind it all, and guiding it all? T.A.

ANSWER.—When a statement is quoted, it is often wise to ask who said it, under what circumstances, and exactly what was said. We have never heard that the coming of a Lodge

Messenger depends upon his disciples. It depends upon cyclic time. In the last quarter of every century, the Lodge sends a representative, a "Lodge Messenger", to try to bring to men the truths of the Ancient Wisdom. It has, however, been said that sometimes a "forerunner" comes in advance to prepare the way for the Messenger, and it has been suggested that in the 18th century, St. Germain was such a forerunner. It has further been intimated (See report of the 1929 Convention in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, July, 1929) that man possesses the power of evocation, so that, if there were sufficient desire in the world, God-instructed men could be drawn from the Lodge to govern the nations on earth.

J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—The verse in the *Gîta*, following that quoted, reads: "For the salvation of the righteous, and the destruction of such as do evil; for the firm establishing of the Law I come to birth in age after age." A mere handful of earnest seekers after Truth, through whole-hearted devotion and passionate longing for "the firm establishing of the Law", might well evoke an emissary from the Lodge. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." The lawlessness so manifest on all sides to-day clearly shows how great is the need; a deep realization of that need on the part of a few can draw down "the blessing which the world unknowingly awaits". G.H.M.

ANSWER.—The question is based upon a misunderstanding, for nowhere is it said that a Lodge Messenger can appear only as his disciples make it possible. H.P.B. told us that such a messenger is sent into the world in the closing quarter of each century, when the normal cyclic tides make possible a new outgiving from the Lodge for the help and guidance of mankind. She told us, too, of agents of the Lodge who constantly move about the world, unknown for what they are, save to such as have within themselves the power of recognition; and of other emissaries who come in answer to special needs, or at special cyclic times. The questioner may well have heard it said that if the hearts of men yearned truly for the coming of a Master, that yearning might itself modify the cycles, and enable a Master to appear at a time when otherwise he could not. But, in addition, there would have to exist an ability to safeguard and use rightly the gift of spiritual force his coming would involve, of which even the Masters are but the trustees. Z.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first Studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock.

During the present Quarter, there will be meetings on,—

January 12th and 26th
February 9th and 23rd
March 9th and 23rd

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.